







Holiday Entertainments

TOGETHER WITH NINETY-NINE OTHER CHOICE

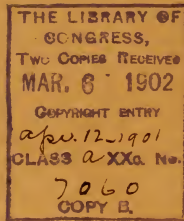
READINGS AND RECITATIONS

This collection of pieces will be found decidedly helpful in preparing entertainments for Christmas, Fourth of July, New Year's, Thanksgiving, Decoration Day, Washington and Lincoln's Birthdays and Commencements. There are selections in poetry and prose and many that will be found available for all occasions.



PUBLISHERS

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CHICAGO



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PREFACE

The day will never come when the memorizing and reciting of poems and choice prose—efforts by our best writers and greatest orators—will cease to be popular with our American youth. It is a part of your inheritance to preserve the utterance of the men and women who have, by their voice and pen, done much to advance the spirit of patriotism—the chief characteristic of our American manhood and womanhood.

The art of oratory is best acquired by the committing and delivery of *approved* examples of speeches and poems, hence the aspirant for great oratorical skill should count no labor lost that requires much study and practice of what *others* have written and delivered. Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Fox, and Sheridan, as well as the great orators of antiquity, Demosthenes, Cicero, owed their wonderful elocutionary powers to this practice, and he who would emulate their success must be willing to pay the price thereof.

It is believed that not only teachers and pupils, but those young men and women who have gone out into the work-a-day world to battle with life's currents, will welcome this new series of speakers, a full contents of which may be found in the back of all of our publications.

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Holiday Entertainments.

VALEDICTORY.

Days, months, and years are gliding
Like mystic dreams away,
And down life's varied pathway
Their lights and shadows play,
And, often on the present,
Reflected light will fall;
Sometimes, perhaps, a shadow
Comes darkly over all.
O time, still hasten onward,
Unheed our smiles or tears,
And gather in thy chariot
Thy burden of the years.
And with the scythe, great reaper
Reap all our treasures here,
Though every sheaf thou bindest,
Is dewed with many a tear.
We bow to thy stern mandate,
Acknowledging thy sway—
Powerless alike to fetter,
Or cause thy wheel to stay.
For onward, ever onward,
The years their way pursue,
And season after season
Still passes from our view.
We tread the path before us,
Impatient oft to raise
The veil that hides the future
From erring mortals' gaze.
We can not see the trials
Around the paths we'll try,
Nor catch the hours of pleasure,
That for us there may lie.

MOLLIE E. SANDERS.

IN MEMORIAM—A. LINCOLN.

MRS. EMILY J. BUGBEE.

There's a burden of grief on the breezes of spring,
And a song of regret from the bird on its wing;
There's a pall on the sunshine and over the flowers
And a shadow of graves on these spirits of ours;
For a star hath gone out from the night of our sky,
On whose brightness we gazed as the war-cloud rolled by;
So tranquil and steady and clear were its beams,
That they fell like a vision of peace on our dreams.

A hearth that we knew had been true to our weal;
And a hand that was steadily guiding the wheel;
A name never tarnished by falsehood or wrong,
That had dwelt in our hearts like a soul stirring song;
Ah, that pure, noble spirit has gone to its rest,
And the true hand lies nerveless and cold on his breast;
But the name and the memory, these never will die,
But grow brighter and dearer as ages go by.

Yet the tears of a nation fall over the dead,
Such tears as a nation before never shed,
For our cherished one fell by a dastardly hand,
A martyr to truth and the cause of the land;
And a sorrow has surged, like the waves to the shore
When the breath of the tempest is sweeping them o'er;
And the heads of the lofty and lowly have bowed
As the shaft of the lightning sped out from the cloud.

Not gathered, like Washington, home to his rest,
When the sun of his life was far down in the west:
But stricken from earth in the midst of his years,
With the Canaan in view, of his prayers and his tears.
And the people, whose hearts in the wilderness failed,
Sometimes, when the stars of their promise had paled,
Now stand by his side on the mount of his fame,
And yield him their hearts in a grateful acclaim.

Yet there on the mountain our leader must die,
With the fair land of promise spread out to his eye;
His work is accomplished, and what he has done
Will stand as a monument under the sun;
And his name, reaching down through the ages of time,
Will still through the years of eternity shine,
Like a star sailing on through the depths of the blue
In whose brightness we gaze every evening anew.

His white tent is pitched on the beautiful plain,
Where the tumult of battle comes never again,
Where the smoke of the war-cloud ne'er darkens the air,
Nor falls on the spirit a shadow of care.
The songs of the ransomed enrapture his ear,
And he heeds not the dirges that roll for him here;
In the calm of his spirit, so strange and sublime,
He is lifted far over the discords of time.

Then bear him home gently, great son of the west!
Mid her fair blooming prairies lay Lincoln to rest,
From the nation who loved him she takes to her trust,
And will tenderly garner the consecrate dust.
A Mecca his grave to the people shall be,
And a shrine evermore for the hearts of the free.

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; good-night had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heavy with sighs—
For to-night their stern father's command had been given
That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight, for they troubled him more
With their questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin—
No such being as Santa Claus ever had been,
And he hoped after this he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.
And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten—
Not a word had been spoken by either till then—
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replied.
"I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,
For somehow it makes me sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no Santa Claus.
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died.
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say.

And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here
With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tant we pay dest as mamma did then,
And ask Him to send us some presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more
Four little feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know your turn has come then.
'Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee;
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And a beautiful work-box that shuts with a spring.
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again,
At dear Brother Willie and Annie. Amen.'"
"Please Desus, et Santa Claus tum down to-night
And bring us some presents before it is light.
I want he would give me a nice little sled,
With bright shining yunners and all painted yed,
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy—
Amen—and den Desus, I'll be a dood boy.'"
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds.
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of the children again;
He seemed now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
"And should not have sent them so early to bed,
But then I was troubled, my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day has gone down ten per cent.;
But, of course, they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss,
But just to make sure I'll steal up to the door,
For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before."
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa" draws forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," he said, with a sigh,

“How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw nigh.
I’ll atone for my harshness,” he inwardly said,
“By answering their prayer’s ere I sleep in my bed.”
Then he turned to the stair and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold driving sleet;
Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing,
From the box full o’ candy to the tiny gold ring.
Indeed he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score.
Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary’s help in the nursery ’twas stored.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a fine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box, well filled, in the center was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
With bright shining runners and all painted red.
There were balls, dogs and horses, all pleasing to see;
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
And as the good father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear:
“I’m happier to-night than I’ve been for a year;
I’ve enjoyed more pleasure than ever before.
What care I if bank stocks fall ten per cent. more?
Hereafter I’ll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve.”
So thinking, he softly extinguished the light,
And tripped down-stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied,
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night—
Just the things they wanted—and left before light.
“And now,” added Annie, in a voice soft and low,
“You’ll believe there’s a Santa Claus, papa, I know.”
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secret between them should be,

And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Then we dot up and prayed dest as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our prayers—now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that He was if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please.
Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,
'Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself."
Blind father, who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly up-stairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

SPOOPENDYKE'S BURGLARS.

"Say, my dear," ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke, sitting bolt upright in bed with a sudden jerk; "say, my dear, wake up! I hear burglars in the house."

"Who? what burglar?" demanded Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she popped up beside her husband. "Who's in the house?"

"Hush! Quiet, will ye? I don't know which burglar, but I hear some one moving around."

"Oh, my! What shall we do?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Let's cover up our heads."

"Why don't you get up and light the gas?" propounded Mr. Spoopendyke in a hoarse whisper. "S'pose you can see who it is in the dark? Strike a light, can't ye? If you had your way we'd both be murdered in bed. Going to light up before we're killed?"

"I'm afraid," whispered Mrs. Spoopendyke, sticking one foot out of bed and hauling it in as if she had caught a fish with it.

"Going to sit there like a shot-tower and have our throats cut?" interrogated Mr. Spoopendyke. "How'm I going to find a burglar without a light. Find a match and light that gas now, quick!"

Mrs. Spoopendyke crawled out of bed and hunted around for a skirt.

"What's the matter with you? Can't you find a match? Why don't you move?" hissed Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I am, as fast as I can," replied his wife, her teeth chattering. "I'm looking for a pin."

"Oh! you're moving like a railroad, ain't ye? I never saw

anything fly like you do. All you want is to be done up in white and blue papers to be a sedlitz powder. What d'ye want of a pin? Going to stick a pin in the burglar? Why don't you light that gas?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke broke half a dozen matches, and finally got a light.

"That's something like it," continued Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Now hand me my pantaloons."

"You won't go down where they are, will you?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, handing over the garment.

Mr. Spoopendyke vouchsafed no reply, but donned the habiliments.

"Now, you open the door," said he, "and go to the head of the stairs and ask who's there, while I find my stick. Hurry up, or they'll get away."

"Suppose they are there. What'll I do then?"

"Tell 'em I'm coming. Go ask 'em, will ye? What's the matter with you?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke opened the door about an inch, squealed "Who's there?" slammed the door again, and popped into bed.

"What ails ye?" demanded her husband. "What d'ye think you are, anyway—a conical shot? Get up, can't ye, and look out. Where's my big stick? What have you done with it? Sent it to school, haven't ye? Go out and ask who's there, will ye, before they come up and slaughter us."

Once more Mrs. Spoopendyke approached the door and tremulously demanded what was going on. There was no response, to her incalculable relief, and she went to the head of the stairs.

"See anybody?" whispered Mr. Spoopendyke, looking over her shoulder.

"Who's there?" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Go right away, because my husband is here."

"Oh, you've done it!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, as he hauled her back into the room. "Now, how d'ye s'pose I'm going to catch 'em? What do you want to scare 'em away for? What'd you say anything about me for? Think this is a nominating convention? What made you leave the house open? Come on down with me, and I'll show you how to lock up."

Down they went, and a careful scrutiny demonstrated that everything was fast.

"I don't believe there was anybody there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as they returned to their chamber.

"It wasn't your fault," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you'd got up when I told you and kept your mouth shut, we'd have got 'em."

"But you said for me——"

"Didn't say anything of the sort!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke; "never mentioned your name. We might have been killed, the way you went to work."

"I think we'd caught them if they'd been there," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, taking down her hair and proceeding to put it up again.

"You'd caught 'em," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Another time a burglar gets into the house you stay abed, and don't you wake me up again. I won't have any cowardly, fussy woman routing me out this time of night, ye hear!"

"Yes, dear," and Mrs. Spoopendyke wound her hand in the collar of her liege lord's shirt and went to sleep, secure in his protection.

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A poor wayfairing man of grief

Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief

That I could never answer "Nay."

I had not power to ask his name,

Whither he went, or whence he came;

Yet there was something in his eye

That won my love—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,

He entered. Not a word he spake.

Just perishing for want of bread,

I gave him all; he blessed it, brake

And ate;—but gave me part again.

Mine was an angel's portion, then;

For while I fed with eager haste

That crust was manna for my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst

Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;

The heedless water mocked his thirst;

He heard it—saw it hurrying on.

I ran to raise the sufferer up;

Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,

Dipped, and returned it running o'er;

I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out—it blew

A winter hurricane aloof;

I heard his voice abroad, and flew

To bid him welcome to my roof;

I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest—
Laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshments; he was healed,
I had, myself, a wound concealed—
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison, I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then, in a moment, to my view
The stranger darted from disguise;
The token in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before mine eyes.
He spake; and my poor name he named—
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst them unto me."

—James Montgomery.

LOST.

The pitiless storm unrelentingly brought in anguish to our
door

A homeless, shivering woman, to beg from the tempest's roar—
A momentary shelter, some bread and a cup of tea,
A word of loving kindness and a place to die—ah, me!
She sank on the threshold weeping, with a "mother" and a
moan,
And a heartrending "God help me, I am left in the world
alone!"

On the carpet rug we laid her, nigh the warmth of the blazing
hearth,
And gazed on her face so comely; ah, the sin and the blight of
earth!

For there impressed were features of beauty and grace God
given,

Hands that were formed for angel prayers and eyes that should
look toward Heaven;

Her form, so slender and shapely, was in girlish raiment clad—
A matchless airy figure; but the paths she trod, how sad!

A moment only reviving, she opened her lips to say:

"I am dying, slowly dying, I am going the dreaded way;

The darkness of death is over me and life is ebbing fast;

Oh, tell me of home and mother, this hour may be my last."

Then with a glance of anguish, said, "I'm tired of sin's galling
yoke,"

And turning her eyes to our sister's face, she closed them in
shame and spoke:

"Like a dream of sweet June roses, on a mother's breast I've
slept;

Like a tear-eyed sad Niobe, o'er my childhood mother wept

When a shadow of cloud or sorrow o'er my cradle couch she
saw—

Her heart stood still within her lest the morrow's thick gloom
withdraw

From her darling the light and sunshine of joy and life a part;

Ah! the trials and woes of a mother dear when grief weighs
down her heart.

"In a hamlet down in the valley where the purling brooklets
play,

'Mid the meadows, through the landscapes, they crowned me
Queen of May;

A crown-wreath of snow-white roses they culled nigh the chapel
door,

And the father said, as he decked my brow, 'May thy life be
ever as pure,'

And he gave me his kindly blessing as he placed it on my head,

And prayed that—God—would—keep—me"—a quiver—a groan
—she's dead!

She closed her eyes in pity, tears filling and blinding our own,
As we gazed on that fallen creature, so cast out in the world
alone,

And thought of that absent mother far away in the distant vale;

Then we smoothed down her silken tresses and covered her face
so pale—

For once, unsoiled and sinless, she had walked in peace with
God,

And dying with bitter wailing, in contrition had kissed His
rod.

On the morrow morn they took her to the charnel house of
death—
The chill and dismal morgue, where the fetid and noxious
breath
Of rancid and baneful poisons their odors ever yield;
Then they laid her away with the “strayed”—the “unknown”
—with the “Lost” in Potter’s Field;
Unmarked is her dreamless couch, unknown her pillowless
bed,
Stone, verdure or flower are loth to deck the mound of the
pauper dead!

—*T. Edwin Leary.*

FOR ME.

The church door stood ajar one night,
A strange, dark man was passing by;
Attracted by the brilliant light,
He stopped—himself scarce knowing why.
He thought to pass, this man of sin,
But some good angel drew him in.

When he was but a boy, his feet
Had often passed this way before;
But since, no church on any street,
No church of God on any shore
Had open stood for such as he,
Who made of good but mockery.

What brought him here? He could not say;
Wherever he went a mother’s face
Had followed him, until one day
He turned his steps to seek the place
Where stood the homestead years before;
He found the spot, he sought the door.

A moment paused he, and his heart
Began to sink with nameless dread;
He conjured shapes that made him start.
What if they were all gone or dead?
What if his life of sin and shame
Had made them loathe his very name?

He turned and fled, not caring where,
Until the church spire beckoned him,
Until within the house of prayer
He sat him down with purpose dim.

Perhaps his father might pass by,
Or he might hear his mother sigh.

He trembled some, for all was strange;
Among the crowd he saw so few
He e'er had seen before, and change
Had even built the church anew.
He dared not ask what forms were laid
Outside among the graves new made.

The light fell softly on his head;
The silence seemed a voiceless prayer;
A hymn of love was gently read;
And then upon the holy air
There floated up a cloud of song
That hung like heaven above the throng:

"Oh, depth of mercy! can it be"—
So rang the song from lip to lip—
"That gate was left ajar for me?"
And Deacon Taylor from his slip
Lifted a goodly front, and then
Sent forth an orthodox "Amen!"

And wherefore not, since Heaven knows
The Deacon is a pillar there.
He prayeth often, and he owes
No man, except to speak him fair;
Besides, what name outrivals his
Upon the list of charities?

"For me, for me"—ah! near the door
The stranger, starting from his place,
A moment grasps the seat before,
And listens with an eager face
That settles into gloom again
At Deacon Taylor's loud "Amen."

"The same proud voice that sealed my doom,"
The stranger thinks with gathering frown
"He says 'Amen' above my tomb,
As if but now he put me down."
And when the song was done, his face
Of softened feeling bore no trace.

His brow was seamed with ugly lines,
Wherein one read a life of sin;
His mother could have found no signs
Of what his infancy had been.

He sat like some black spirit hurled
Unbidden in upon the world.

But in that hour within his soul
An unseen hand brought out a book,
And conscience bells began to toll
The awful summons, "Look, look, look!"
Upon the title-page there smiled
The beauty of a willful child.

But as it grew it could not brook
A sharp rebuke or stern command;
Yet so it was, a chiding look
Was more than all his will could stand;
And he was tender as a dove,
So be the cage was only love.

Another page a father showed,
With face unyielding as the grave;
Yet he was upright, ay, and good,
And bore himself as do the brave.
A trifle strange and hard withal,
On whom the timid would not call.

Within that book he saw the boy
Cross every fondly cherished plan
On which the father built with joy
Until the son should be a man.
He saw the father sick with grief,
Till anger roused and brought relief.

He saw a youth of tender age
Dispute a father face to face;
He saw the father's kindled rage
Condemn the son to deep disgrace;
He saw the lad, without a home
And friendless, starting out to roam.

He saw the boy creep back at night,
And linger near the close-shut door;
He saw a mother's face stone white;
He heard a prayer oft heard before;
And when that frozen prayer was said,
His heart sank down like something dead.

"What did he then?" Ah, toll ye bells!
The pages of the book turn fast,
And each its blackened story tells,
And each is blacker than the last;

RECITATIONS AND READINGS.

Until the stranger bows his head,
And shudders with exceeding dread.

But, hark ! what voice is that which brings
His sleeping angel back to life,
And fills his soul with rushing wings ?

It is the Deacon's aged wife,
Whose voice the church has missed for years,
And now hears faintly through her tears.

She says, " A burden rests on me
For one far off, I know not where;
But well I know, where'er he be,
The weary wanderer needeth prayer.
Ah! all of you who have a son,
Pray as if yours might be the one."

Again the stranger grasps the seat,
And leans, in eagerness to hear;
What! Is the Deacon on his feet?
And did he brush away a tear?
With wandering eyes the stranger sees
His father fall upon his knees.

His bursting heart can bear no more.
He flies to where his father kneels,
And falling prone upon the floor,
In broken sobs confession seals:
His mother's faith has bridged the years,
His father's prayer breaks up in tears.

That earnest prayer before its birth
Had brought an answer back from heaven!
And when its voice was heard on earth,
The wayward son had been forgiven—
Another soul to swell the sea
Of those who sing "for me—for me."

—S. G. S.

JOSH BILLINGS ON COURTING.

Courting iz a luxury, it iz sallid, it iz ise water, it iz a beveridge, it iz a pla spell of the soul. The man who hez never courted has lived in vain; he has been a blind man among landscapes and waterskapes; he has bin a deff man in the land ov hand organs, and by the side of murmuring canals. Courting

iz like 2 little springs of soft water that steal out from under a rock at the fut ov a mountain, and run down the hill side by side, singing and dānsing and spattering each other, eddying and frothing and kaskading, now hiding under bank, now full ov sun, and now full of shadder, till bimeby tha jine, and then tha go slow. I am in favor ov long courting; it gives the parties a chance to find out each uther's trump cards; it iz jist az inner-sent as 2 merino lambs. Courting iz like strawberries and cream, wants to be did slow, then yu git the flavor. I have saw folks get acquainted, fall in luv, git married, settle down, and git tew wurk in three weeks from date. This is jist the way sum folks larn a trade, and accounts for the great number ov almighty mean mechanics we hav, and the poor jobs tha turn out.

Perhaps it iz best i shud state sum good advise to yung men who are about tew court with a final view to matrimony, az it waz. In the first plase, yung man, yu want to get yure system all rite, and then find a yung woman who iz willing tew be courted on the square. The next thing iz tew find out how old she iz, which you can do bi asking her, and she will sa that she iz 19 years old, and this yu will find won't be far from out ov the wa. The next best thing iz tew begin moderate; sa onse every nite in the week for the fust six months, increasing the dose az the patient seems to require it. It is a fust rate wa tew court the girl's mother a leetle on the start, for there is one thing a woman never despizes, and that iz, a leetle good courting, if it iz done strictly on the square. After the fust year yu will begin tew like the bizziness. Thare is one thing I alwus advize, and that is not to swop fotograffs oftener than onse in 10 daze, unless yu forget how the gal looks.

Okasionally yu want tew look sorry and draw in yure wind az tho yu had pain, this will set the gal tew teasing yu tew find out what ails yu. Evening meetings are a good thing to tend, it will keep yur religion in tune, and then if the gal happens to be thare, bi accident, she can ask yu tew go hum with her. As a general thing i wouldn't brag on uther gals much when i waz courting, it might look as though yu knew tew much. If you will court 3 years in this way awl the time on the square, if yu don't sa it iz a little the slickest time in yure life, yu can get measured for a hat at my expense, and pa for it. Don't court for muny, nor buty, nor relashuns, these things are just about az ousartin az the kerosene ile refining bizziness, tew get out ov repair and bust at any minnit.

ONE OF MANY.

Along the wayside path she comes,
A slender woman form;
Above her all the sky is blue,
The earth beneath is warm.
Wide summer fields, on either hand,
Stretch out in gold and green,
And through the railings, here and there,
The late, wild roses lean.

Sweet with the breath of birds and flowers,
The gentle breezes stir,
And bright-eyed daisies by the path
Look up and smile for her;
But scarcely does she hear the birds
That sing so loud and sweet;
She feels no sunlight crown her head,
Nor daisies kiss her feet.

Alas, that feet so small and light
Should move so wearily!
That on God's earth a face so young
And yet so sad, could be!
Pale lips whose curve of hopeless grief
Is stirred no more by fears,
And eyes from which the heart's despair
Had burned away all tears.

Her pathway follows where the road
Winds in curve adown the hill,
As oft beside a river runs
A little mossy rill.
Beyond, like nest among the trees,
The sheltered farm-house lies;
Her gaze outstrips the faltering feet,
Her heart outspeeds her eyes.

The elm still droops above the gate;
How good it is to see
The garden flowers, though scarce so bright
As they were wont to be.
But the dear face within the door—
There is no changing there!
Those arms are still a place of rest—
A refuge in despair.

She leans her head on mother's breast,
The hot tears fall like rain;

As when a swelling, ice-bound stream
Breaks from its stony chain.
A bitter grief had bowed her heart;
Scarce two bright years a wife,
Before the shadow slowly rose
That darkened all her life.

“Tis but a single glass of wine
For friendship, now and then;
And if sometimes a drop too much,
What more than other men?”
He was so handsome, young and strong,
How could she make reply?
Although at times she feared to meet
The strange light in his eye.

Awaiting him, she sat one night,
The midnight lamp burned low,
While the cradle by her side
Moved softly to and fro,
She heard a stumbling step, at last,
So often heard before;
And then a well-known, faltering hand
That fumbled at the door.

And when he stood within the room,
Her heart, that suffered long,
Rebelled beneath the cruel sting
Of bitter shame and wrong.

“Stand off!” she said, “and would to God
You ne’er had crossed my life;
For honor, trust and hope are dead,
And I a drunkard’s wife!”

Her swift words lit the angry fire
That smouldered in his brain,
“Then take your child and go,” he cried,
“And come not here again!”
He snatched the sleeper from its bed—
The mother sprang too late,
For sliding from unsteady hands,
The wee head struck the grate.

It stirred not in her clinging arms,
And not a word she said,
For utter horror filled her heart—
She saw the child was dead!
She clasped the little dimpled hands
That stiffened in her own,

And every pulse in heart and brain
Seemed turning into stone.

The breathless silence in the air
Smote painful on her ear,
And drew the trembling eyelids up,
Oppressed with nameless fear.
She saw a face of mute despair
That gazed upon his child
With hopeless eyes of agony,
And dark resolve, and wild.

It pierced her stupor like a knife
And set her senses free;
And stretching out her hands, she cried:
"My husband, speak to me!"
But slow, as in an awful dream,
He turned him to the door,
And when his footsteps died away
She never heard them more.

* * * * *

Oh, Demon Power of baleful breath,
Beneath the sparkling wine,
Our dear ones slaying day by day,
These victims, too, are thine!
A manly form, too early wrecked,
Lies 'neath the river's wave,
And one fair child of household love
Sleeps in a city grave.

And sheltered in her early home,
A sad form sits to-day,
With wandering brain and longing eyes,
That scan the dusty way.
"Our little one is safe," she says;
"But Harry—where is he?"
My days are like a weary dream,
Till he comes back to me."

—Minnie D. Bateham.

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TRAINING A HUSBAND.

So you want ter know how I came ter hev Caleb, when I knew jest beow he used Nancy, his first wife. Wall, I'll tell ye all about it.

You know Dan'l left me pretty poorly off. I hed two little children, an' what ter dew I didn't know. The mortgage was

ter run eout in about a year an' a half arter he died. I'd sent the children down to brother John's ter'go to school. Brother John wanted me to give them ter him an' he'd do well by 'em, an' I was meditating on it, orful loth to dew it. But what else could I dew with 'em when the old farm was took away from me?

One day, when the time was near eout, I was a hoein' the beans side of the fence jinin' Caleb's cornfield. I tell yer, Hannah, I never felt bluer in all my born days. I'd allers lived an' worked on a farm, an' couldn't do no other kind of work; so what was to become of me I didn't know.

"Purty good hoein' for a green hand," sez somebody over the fence.

"Yes," sez I. "I've done enough of it since I was left alone. 'Practice makes perfect,' we used ter write in our copy-book when we were chil'en," an' I couldn't help heaving a sigh.

"Wall, Emmerline," sez he, "your'n I seem to be in the same fix. You need a man to do your hoeing and sich, an' I need a woman to see ter my house, an' if you're agreed we'll hitch horses and work in double harness. I can't find no hired help that'll do as Nancy did." (Thinks I to myself, an' you'll never find another 'twill either.) "So what d'ye say, Emmerline?"

P'raps I didn't think o' nothing for the nex' few minutes. It all flashed over me in a secont, what an unfeelin' man he'd allers been. Poor Nancy had ter dew all the house-work an' a good deal belonging ter him ter dew, an' he was stinger than an old miser, tew.

I knew he was a smart man ter work, was forehanded and was able to live in good deal better shape than he did, an' you know, Hannah, that poor Dan'l was just the oppersite. He was a norful clever man, was Dan'el, but kind o' shifless an' easy, an' it allers worried me ter hev things goin' so slack. Sez I, to myself, a body can't hev everything: there's allers some eouts, an' a poor man's better'n none. So I speaks right up, an' I sez:

"Caleb, we've been nabors for many a year. I know your failin's an' s'pose you know mine; an' so, if you say so, all right; p'r'aps we might do wuss."

Wall, ter make a long story short, we agreed to hev the bussness dun right off. Caleb said that it was stylish to go on a weddin' tower now-a-days, and as he wanted to go down to Bangor to see about selling his wool, an' as Sarah Jane Curtis (who used to work for him) lived about half way, an' we could stop there both ways and not cost us anything, he thought we'd better go. His niece, Rebecca Gilman, yer know, lives there, and we could make her a visit at the same time. Brother John

lives there tew, yer know, an' I made up my mind that I'd jest bring home the child'en.

An' so I did; but Caleb he was orful sot agin it, but sed "of course they can come and make a visit;" an' I let him think so, 'cause I wasn't quite ready to have words with him yet.

We staid about a week, an' got home along in the afternoon all right. The next mornin' I woke up purty early, and I sez to myself: "Courage Emmerline, now or never." I kep' still, for Caleb was still a snorin', but bime by he fetched an onarthly snort that wak't himself up, an' w'en he see as it was gettin' daylight, he nugged me an' sez he:

"Wake up, Emmerline, Emmerline, it's broad daylight; come, come, get up, we shan't hev any breakfast ter day."

I was orful hard ter wake, but after a while I managed ter, an' while I was a rubbin' my eyes, I sez, "Got a good fire, ain't ye, Caleb?"

"Fire!" said he. "No, I never build any fires. Nancy allers built the fires."

"Did she?" sez I, cool as a cucumber. "So did Daniel."

I turned over and went to sleep again—or at least he thought I did.

Wall, he wiggled, and turned, and twisted, and he didn't move ter get up fer about an hour, an' when the sun rose and shone inter the bed-room winder, he got up and built the fire. There wasn't no kindlings nor a stick of wood, an' he had to skirmish round lively and get some.

Arter the fire got to crackling in good shape I got up. I didn't hurry none, let me tell you. I was mos' dead lying abed so long, but sez I to myself:

"Ef I make the fires now, I'll probably hev to do it in cold weather, an' I won't do it for any man."

He was pretty sullen all day, but I didn't take no notice of him, an' he got over it. The next day he was ter begin hayin', an' he had six men ter help him. I hed ter do all the work, an' take care of the milk and churnin', an' it was no fool of a job. Come time ter get dinner, an' there wasn't a slivet of wood cut. I sent Johnnie (he was then about seven years old) out in the field to tell Caleb I wanted him.

He came in looking savage enough, and wanted to know what it was I wanted. Sez I:

"I want some wood ter burn."

"Wall," sez he, "there's a whole woodpile out there. Help yerself."

"An' not a stick split," sez I. "You will hev ter get a bigger stove ter burn that."

"Wall, it ain't such a hard job ter split it," sez he. "Nancy used tew, often, when I was bizzy."

"Did she?" sez I. "So did Daniel."

He got the wood, an' said, as he was going out, that he didn't want ter be called in out o' the mowing field again, unless 'twas for victuals.

"All right," sez I.

The nex' day 'twas the same thing; not a stick split. Thinks I, "Old fellow, you ain't got Nancy here. I'll larn ye a little somethin' that p'raps ye don't know." So when it was dinner time I blows the horn, an' in comes all seven of these men an' sets down ter the table. Sich 'stonished lookin' faces as they had ss they viewed the grub. There was the biscut just dough, the pertaters, an' meat, an' vegetables, and everything was washed clean and put on raw. Not a thing was cooked.

Caleb looked blacke'n as a thunder cloud.

"What does this mean?" sez he.

"It means what it means," sez I. "You said yest'day that you didn't want ter be called in from the mowin' field again, unless it was for victuals, an' here they are."

"Nice shape, tew," sez he.

"Wall, I can't cook 'thought wood," sez I, dryly like.

With that all seven of 'em started for the door, an' they never left that pile till it was ready for the stove. I never was bothered for wood again.

A few weeks after I wanted some money purty bad. I wanted ter send Johnnie and Nellie back to school, an' I was bound that they should have some clothes fit to wear. I asked Caleb a number of times to let me hev some, but he made all kinds of excuses. I didn't tell him what I wanted of it, mind ye. So one day along comes a peddler that bought butter'n eggs. I had considerable on hand that Caleb was intending to carry into ther city when he had time. So I sold every pound of butter an' eggs I had in the house. I got nigh on to twenty-five dollars for 'em.

When Caleb come home I told him I had sold the butter'n eggs.

"Heow much did you git?" sez he.

I told him.

"Where's the money?" sez he.

"I've got it," sez I.

"Wall," sez he, "Nancy allers give me all the money that she took for her butter and eggs."

"Did she?" sez I. "And so did Dan'el."

He got tired of holding Nancy up afore my eyes, for I would offset her with Dan'el every time. He found that I was powerful sot in my way, an' he thought he might as well let me hev my own way, an' so he sez:

"I don't mean to be ugly, but I won't be trod on by nobody."

When he wouldn't let me hev what money I wanted, I'd sell something every time. I sold two tons of hay one time, when I knew he only had enough to winter his critters. So on the whole, he found out that I wasn't afraid of him, and he behaved quite decent. I told him not long ago that he was growin' clever.

"Clever?" sez he. "I'd rather you'd call me a dog-goned fule than clever."

But I notice he has improved, an' I lay it ter his trainin'.

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on, through weary years,
Against himself, and wins.

He is a hero, staunch and brave,
Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last, beneath his feet,
His passions base and low,
And stands erect in manhood's might,
Undaunted, undismayed,
The bravest man who drew a sword
In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
Or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
With banner, plume or drum—
A foe forever, lurking nigh,
With silent, stealthy tread;
Forever near your board by day,
At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart,
Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his baser part,
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
Or fill a hero's grave;
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

THE PRAISE OF MEN.

A poor little girl in a tattered gown,
Wand'ring along through the crowded town,
All weary and worn on the curb sat down
By the side of the way to rest;
Bedimmed with tears were her eyes of brown,
Her hands on her bosom pressed.

The night was approaching and winter's chill blast,
That fell on the child as it hurried past,
Congealed the tears that were falling fast
From the poor little maiden's eyes;
The blinding snow on her pale cheek cast,
Unheeding her plaintive cries.

Now, hurriedly passing along the street,
She catches the sound of approaching feet,
And wearily rises, as if to entreat
Some aid from the passer-by;
But slowly and sadly resumes her seat,
Repelled by the glance of his eye.

He saw the wild tempest resistlessly hurl
The gathering snowflakes, with many a whirl,
Upon her bare head, where each soft shining curl
Was swept by the breath of the storm;
But what did he care for the little girl?
His raiment was ample and warm.

He went to a charity meeting that night,
And spoke to the listeners' great delight,
Of how much 'twas the duty of all to unite
The suffering poor to relieve;
And held up his check for a thousand at sight,
So all the crowd could perceive.

He handed the check to the treasurer, when
The audience applauded again and again.
But the angel who holds the recording pen
This sentence, methinks did record:
"He doeth his alms to be seen of men,
Their praise is his only reward."

The papers next morning had much to say
Of how the "good gentleman" did display
His generous spirit, in giving away
So much to the poor man's cause.
He smiled as he read his own praise that day
And thought of the night's applause.

Near by the same paper went to repeat
A story they'd heard, of how, out in the street,
A watchman, at dawning of morn, on his beat,
A poor little child had found,
With only the snow as a winding sheet,
Frozen to death on the ground.

Ah! who can declare that when God shall unfold
Eternity's record, He will not hold
Him guilty of murder, who seeks with his gold
In charity's name to buy
The praise of men, while out in the cold
He leaves a poor child to die?

AN OLD SURGEON'S STORY.

"'Twas in a Southern hospital, a week ago or more,
(God save us! how the days drag on, these weary times of war;)
They brought me, in the sultry noon, a youth whom they had
found

Deserted by his regiment upon the battle ground,
And bleeding his young life away, through many a gaping
wound.

"My little hero," said a voice, and there a woman's hand,
Lay like a lily on his curls, "God give you self-command!"

"Mother!"—how full that thrilling word of pity and alarm—

"You here?—my sweetest mother here?" and with his one poor
arm

He got about her neck and drew her down with kisses warm.

"Through all my pain—(and ne'er I knew what suffering was
before),

I only prayed to see your face, to hear your voice once more.

The cold moon shone into my eyes—my prayer seemed all in
vain."

"My poor deluded boy," she sobbed, her mother's font of pain
O'erflowing down her cheeks like thunder drops of rain.

"Accursed be he whose cruel hand has wrought my son such
ill;"

The boy sprang upright at the word and shrieked aloud: "Be
still!

You know not what you say. Oh! God, how shall I tell the
tale?

How shall I smite her as she stands?" and with a moaning wail,
He prone among the pillows dropped, his visage ashen pale.

"It was a bloody field," he said, at last, like one who dozed.
"I know not how the lay began—I know not how it closed;
I only know we fought like fiends begrimed with blood and
dust,

And did our duty to a man, as every soldier must,
And gave the rebels ball for ball, and paid them thrust for
thrust.

"My veins ran fire, oh, heavens! hide the horrors of that plain,
We charged upon the rebel ranks, and cut them down like
grain.

One bright haired youth ran on my steel—I pierced him through
and through;
The blood upspirted from his wound and sprinkled me like
dew.

'Twas strange, but as I looked, I thought of Cain, and him he
slew.

"Some impulse moved me to kneel down and touch him where
he fell,

I turned him o'er, I saw his face, the sight was worse than hell.
There lay my brother—curse me not—pierced by *my* bayonet!"
Oh, God! the pathos of that cry I never shall forget;
Men turned away to hide their tears, for every eye was wet

"Oh, Louis!"—(the lad looked up and brushed away a tear),
"Oh, Louis! brother of my soul! my boyhood's fearless guide—
By the bright heaven where thou stand'st—by thy big hearted
faith,

By these dear tears our mother sheds—by this my failing
breath,
Forgive me for that murd'rous thrust which wounded thee to
death.

"Forgive me—I would yield my life to give thee thine, my
brother.

What's this? don't shut the sunlight out, I cannot see my
mother—

The air blows sweet from yonder field, dear Lou, put up your
sword,

Let's weave a little daisy chain upon this pleasant sward—"
And with a smile upon his lips, the boy slept in the Lord.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

The other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small
boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a care-
worn expression hanging over her face like a tattered vail, and

many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments' silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, maybe."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a news-boy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman, not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "if you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I

get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

—*Little Rock Gazette.*

THE LAST HYMN.

The sacred day was ending in a village by the sea;
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the golden glowing west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air;
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered,
groaned, and boomed.
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed!

Sad and anxious were the people, on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling fearful tales,

When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore

Tangled wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,

And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.

Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be.

For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.

Oh, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach!

Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow; tender hearts grew cold with dread,

And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down! God have mercy! is his heaven far to seek for those who drown?"

Lo! when next the white shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,

Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck across the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth
could save.

"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet. Shout away."

'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus. Can you hear?"

And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened: "He is singing 'Jesus, Lover of my soul,'"

And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll."

Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"

Singing bravely from the waters. "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;

Leave, ah! leave me not"—the singer dropped at last into the sea.

And the watchers, looking homeward through their eyes by tears made dim,

Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

THE MAN WHO APOLOGIZED.

It was at the corner of Woodward avenue and Congress street, and the time was ten o'clock in the forenoon. A citizen who stands solid at 200 pounds was walking along with bright eyes and the birds singing in his heart, when all at once he found himself looking up to the cloudy heavens, and a voice up the street seemed to say:

"Did you see the old duffer strike that icy spot and claw for grass?"

Then another voice down the street seemed to say:

"You bet I did! He's lyin' there yit, but he'd git right up if he knew how big his foot looked!"

The solid citizen did get up. The first thing he saw the beautiful City of Detroit spread out before him. The next thing was a slim man with bone-colored whiskers, who was leaning against a building and laughing as if his heart would break.

"I can knock yer jaw off in three minutes!" exclaimed the citizen, as he fished for the end of his broken suspender.

The slim man didn't deny it. He hadn't time. He had his hands full to attend to his laughing. The solid man finally found the suspender, counted up four missing buttons and his vest split up the back, and slowly went on, looking back and wondering if he could be held for damages to the side-walk. He had been in his office about ten minutes, and had just finished telling a clerk that an express team knocked him down, when in came the slim man with bone-colored whiskers. The solid man recognized him and put on a frown, but the other held out his hand and said:

"Mister, I came to beg your pardon. You fell on the walk and I laughed at you, but—ha! ha! ha!—upon my soul I couldn't help it. It was the—ha! ha! ha!—funniest sight I ever saw, and—oh! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—I couldn't help laughing!"

"I want none o' your penitence and none o' your company!" sharply replied the solid man, and the other went out.

In about an hour the "fallen man" had to go over to the express office. The man with the bone-colored whiskers was there with a package, and he reached out his hand and began:

"Sir, I ask your forgiveness, I know what belongs to dignity and good manners, but—but—ha! ha!—when I saw your heels shoot out and your shoulders—ha! ha! ha!—double up I had to—ho! ho! ha! ha! ah-h-h-h!"

"I'll lick you if I ever get a good chance!" remarked the citizen, but yet the man sat down on a box and laughed till the tears came.

In the afternoon as the citizen was about to take a car for home some one touched him on the elbow. It was the man with the bone-colored whiskers. His face had a very serious, earnest look, and he began:

"Citizen, I am positively ashamed of myself. I am going to settle in Detroit, and shall see you often. I want to ask your forgiveness for laughing at you this morning."

He seemed so serious that the solid man began to relax his stern look, and he was about to extend his hand, when the other continued:

"You see we are all—ha! ha!—liable to accident. I, myself,

have often—ha! ha! ha!—struck an icy spot and—ho! ho! ho! ha! ha!—gone down to grass—ah! ha! ho! ha! ho! ha!”

The solid citizen withdrew his hand, braced his feet, drew his breath and struck to mash the other fine. His foot slipped, and next he knew he was plowing his nose into the hard snow. When he got up the man with the bone-colored whiskers was hanging to a hitching-post, and as black in the face as an old hat. The citizen should have killed him then and there, but he didn't. He made for a car like a bear going over a brush fence, and his efforts to look innocent and unconcerned after he sat down broke his other suspender dead in two. Such is life. No man can tell what an icy spot will bring forth.

A LITTLE BOY'S POCKET.

Do you know what is in my pottet ?
Such a lot of treasure in it!
Listen now while I bedin it;
Such a lot of sings it hold,
And all there is, you shall be told;
Every sing dat's in my pottet,
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all here in my pottet,
A beauty shell—I picked it up;
And here is the handle of a tup
That somebody broke at tea;
The shell has a hole you see!
Nobody knows dat I have dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here is my ball, too, in my pottet,
And here is my pennies, one, two, fre,
That Auntie Mary gave to me;
To-morrow-day I'll buy a spade
When I'm out walking with the maid.
I can't, put *dat* here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here is some sings in my pottet!
Here is my lead, and here is my string,
And once I had an iron ring,
But through a hole it lost one day;
And this is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sing in a pottet,
Have it mended when you've dot it.

THE LETTER FOR GRANDMA.

A bit of a girl not more than eight years old, wearing a faded old hat, and her calico apron full of rents and holes, entered the post-office yesterday with an unstamped letter in her hand, and said to the first person she met:

"Say, I've writ a long letter to my grandma, and I want to know if this is the place to leave it?"

"Yes, this is the place," he answered. "But you must put a stamp on it."

"Won't they carry a little girl's letter to her grandma for nothing?" she asked.

"I guess not."

"Then I don't know what to do, and I'm awful sorry, for I told her I had a new doll-baby, and that my cat was dead, and that ma was awful sick, and that the little girl who used to play with me was dead. If they'll send my letter, I'll pay just as soon as ever I can."

"I'll put on a stamp for you," said the gentleman, as he took the letter.

"Will you? Now, that's real good. Mebbe I'll be rich and you'll be poor some day, and I know I'll lend you tea and coffee and whatever you want. Is your grandma dead?"

"Yes."

"That's too bad! Did she have the scarlet rash or the measles?"

"I hardly think so. Here—I'm afraid your letter won't go."

"Oh, yes, it will, for I got a big boy to direct it, and he writ just as slow and big as he could."

It was directed: "For Grandma, Ohio," and almost every other letter was a capital. The man shook his head, and the child cried out:

"See how big the writing is! It'll go right straight to grandma, and she'll be tickled to death to hear from me! I was more'n a whole week writin' it, and at the end it says, 'I'd give anything to kiss you.' Oh! I know it'll go."

He looked into her child face and could say nothing to crush the hopes she had cherished and the work she had accomplished.

"It may reach her," he said, as he posted it.

"And she'll write back and tell me if any of her cats are dead, and if the hens have got any more chickens, and if any more boys have fallen into the mill-pond? Just think of me writin' to my grandma way off, and grandma writing back and putting a regular stamp on the letter! I can't wait, for I know I'll feel awful big over the other girls! Well, good-by—I'll pay you just as soon as ever I can, and I hope to die if I don't!"

THE VILLAGE GOSSIP.

Well, neighbor Smith, how do you do?
And how are you, Mis' Strong?
Won't I come in? Well, I don't know—
I can't stop very long.
But I declare! the news I've heard
'Most takes my breath away!
To think—you don't know what I mean?
You hain't heard? You don't say!

Perhaps I hadn't ought to tell,
But, seein' that it's you,
I guess it won't do any harm,
And then, it's really true.
Well, now, you mustn't ever tell
You heard the news from me,
But Deacon Jones's oldest boy
Has run away to sea.

They say that he and Maggie Lee
Had had a dreadful fuss,
But sakes alive! Them two young folks
Was always in a muss!
And I must say the way she'd flirt
Was a redic'lous shame!
The deacon's folks will think, of course,
That Maggie's most to blame.

I guess, though, if the truth was told,
Tom Jones ain't quite a saint;
But if he has talked hard to me,
I sha'n't make no complaint.
He gets his temper from his pa,
Who once got mad, they say,
And almost killed his brother Jim,
When they were boys at play.

I s'pose Dick Brown is awful glad
That Tom has gone away;
But he won't marry Maggie Lee
It's pretty safe to say.
For all she holds her head so high,
Mis' Brown (so I've been told)
Came from a poor, low family,
And married Brown for gold.

That makes me think of what I heard
About old Peter Small!

They say he's married Widder Green,
Whose husband died last fall.
I guess she'll make his money fly,
I hope she will, I'm sure;
His first wife always scrimped and saved
As if that he was so poor!

Them White girls have come home at last;
They've been away to school
For 'most two years. I do declare!
I think Mis' Brown's a fool!
She'd better kept 'em both at home,
A-learnin' how to cook,
Instead of wastin' all their time
On some outlandish book!

That Nettie Gay was ridin' out
With Frank Hall yesterday;
If John knew how she carried on,
I wonder what he'd say.
She says that they are only friends;
(As if I couldn't see!)
She may make other folks think so;
I'm sure she can't make me.

Good land! if there ain't Susan Gray
A-comin' up the walk!
Of all the folks I ever saw
She is the worst to talk!
She can't let other folks alone—
With her it's "talk or die."
No, I can't stay to tea, Mis' Smith—
I must go now. Good-by.

A TRIAL OF ENDURANCE.

"My dear," queried Mr. Spoopendyke, "did you put those oysters on the cellar floor with the round shells down, as I told you to?"

"I did most of 'em," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Some of 'em wouldn't stay that way. They turned right over."

"Must have been extraordinary intelligent oysters!" muttered Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing her with suspicion. "Didn't any of 'em stand up on end and ask for the morning paper, did they?"

"You know what I mean," fluttered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "They tipped over sideways, and so I laid them on the flat shell."

"That's right," granted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You want to give an oyster his own way, or you'll hurt his feelings. Suppose you bring us some of those gifted oysters and an oyster knife, and we'll eat 'em."

Mrs. Spoopendyke hurried away and pattered back with the feast duly set out on a tea waiter, which she placed before Mr. Spoopendyke with a flourish.

"Now," said she, drawing up her sewing-chair, and resting her elbows on her knees and her chin on her hands, "when you get all you want you may open me some."

Mr. Spoopendyke whirled the knife around his head and brought it down with a sharp crack. Then he clipped away at the end for a moment, and jabbed at what he supposed was the opening. The knife slipped and plowed the bark off his thumb.

"Won't come open, will ye?" he snorted, fetching it another lick, and jabbing away again. "Haven't completed your census of who's out here working at ye, have ye?" and he brought it another whack. "P'raps ye think I haven't fully made up my mind to call within, don't ye?" and he rammed the point of the knife at it, knocking the skin off his knuckle.

"That isn't the way to open an oyster," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Look here," roared Mr. Spoopendyke, turning fiercely on his wife, "have you got any private understanding with this oyster? Has the oyster confided in you the particular way in which he wants to be opened?"

"No-o!" stammered Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Only I thought

"This is no time for thought!" shouted Mr. Spoopendyke, banging away at the edge of the shell. "This is the moment for battle, and if I've happened to catch this oyster during office hours, he's going to enter into relations with the undersigned. Come out, will ye?" he yelled, as the knife flew up his sleeve. "Maybe ye don't recognize the voice of Spoopendyke. Come out, ye dod gasted coward, before ye make an enemy of me for life!" and he pelted away at the shell with the handle of the knife, and spattered mud like a dredging machine.

"Let me get you a hammer to crack him with," recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke, hovering over her husband in great perturbation.

"Don't want any hammer!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, slamming around with his knife. "S'pose I'm going to use brute force on a dod gasted fish that I could swallow alive if I could only get him out of his house? Open your measly premises!" raved Mr. Spoopendyke, stabbing at the oyster vindictively, and slicing his shirt sleeve clear to the elbow. "Come forth and enjoy the society of Spoopendyke!" and the worthy gentleman

foamed at the mouth as he sunk back in his chair and contemplated his stubborn foe with glaring eyes.

"I'll tell you what to do!" exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke, radiant with a profound idea. "Crack him in the door."

"That's the scheme!" grinned Mr. Spoopendyke, with horrible contortions of visage. "Fetch me the door. Set that door right before me on a plate. This oyster is going to stay here. If you think this oyster is going to enjoy any change of climate until he strikes the tropics of Spoopendyke, you don't know the domestic habits of shell-fish. Loose your hold!" squealed Mr. Spoopendyke, returning to the charge, and fetching the bivalve a prodigious whack. "Come out and let me introduce you to my wife;" and Spoopendyke laid the oyster on the arm of his chair and slugged him remorselessly.

"Wait!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "here is one with his mouth open!" and she pointed cautiously at a gaping oyster who had evidently taken down the shutters to see what the row was about.

"Don't care a dod gasted nickle with a hole in it!" protested Mr. Spoopendyke, thoroughly impatient. "Here's one that's going to open his mouth, or the resurrection will find him still wrestling with the ostensible head of his family. Ow!" and Mr. Spoopendyke, having rammed the knife into the palm of his hand, slammed the oyster against the chimney-piece, where it was shattered, and danced around the room wriggling with wrath and agony.

"Never mind the oyster, dear," cried Mrs. Spoopendyke, following him around and trying to disengage his wounded hand from his armpit.

"Who's minding 'em?" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, standing on one leg and bending up double. "I tell ye that when I start to inflict discipline on a narrow-minded oyster that won't either accept an invitation or send regrets, he's going to mind me! Where's the oyster? Show me the oyster. Arraign the oyster."

"Upon my word you've opened him," giggled Mrs. Spoopendyke, picking up the smashed bivalve between the tips of her thumb and forefinger.

"Won't have him!" sniffed Mr. Spoopendyke, eyeing the broken shell and firing his defeated enemy into the grate. "If I can't go in the front door of an oyster, I'm not going down the scuttle! That all comes of laying 'em on the flat shell," he continued, suddenly recollecting that his wife was to blame for the whole business. "Now you take the rest of 'em down and lay 'em as I told you to."

"Yes, dear."

"And another time you want any oysters, you sit around in

the cellar, and when they open their mouths, you put sticks in. You hear?"

"Yes, dear."

And Mrs. Spoopeydyke took the bivalves back, resolving that the next time they were in demand they would crawl out of their shells and walk up stairs arm in arm before she would have any hand in the mutilation of her poor, dear, suffering husband by bringing them up herself.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THE OLD MAN GOES TO SCHOOL.

I know I'm too old to learn, wife; my lessons and tasks are done;

The dews of life's evenin' glisten in the light of life's settin' sun.

To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon away;

But I wanted to see how the world had grown, so I hobbled to school to-day.

I couldn't a told 'twas a school-house; it towered up to the skies;

I gazed on the noble structure till dimmer grew my eyes.

My thoughts went back to the log-house—the school-house of long ago,

Where I studied and romped with the merry boys who sleep where the daisies grow.

I was startled out of my dreamin' by the tones of its monstrous bell;

On these ears that are growin' deaf the sweet notes rose and fell.

I entered the massive door, and sat in the proffered chair—

An old man, wrinkled and gray, in the midst of the young and fair.

Like a garden of bloomin' roses, the school-room appeared to me—

The children were all so tidy, their faces so full of glee;

They stared at me when I entered, then broke o'er the whisperin' rule,

And said, with a smile, to each other, "The old man's a-comin' to school."

When the country here was new, wife—when I was a scholar-lad,

Our readin' and writin' and spellin' were 'bout all the studies we had.

We cleared up the farm through the summer, then traveled
through woods and snow
To the log-house in the openin'—the school-house of years ago.
Now boys go to school in a palace, and study hard Latin and
Greek;
They are taught to write scholarly essays; they are drilled on
the stage to speak;
They go into the district hopper, but come out of the college
spout;
And this is the way the schools of our land are grindin' our great
men out.

Let 'em grind! let 'em grind, dear wife! the world needs the
good and the true;
Let the children out of the old house and trot 'em into the new.
I'll cheerfully pay my taxes, and say to this age of mine,
All aboard! all aboard! go ahead! if you leave the old man be-
hind!

Our system of common schools is the nation's glory and crown;
May the arm be palsied, ever, that is lifted to tear it down,
If bigots cannot endure the light of our glowin' skies,
Let them go to Oppression's shore, where Liberty bleeds and
dies.

I'm glad I've been to-day to the new house, large and grand;
With pride I think of my toils in this Liberty-lovin' land;
I've seen a palace arise where the old log school-house stood,
And gardens of beauty bloom where the shadow fell in the
wood.

To the grave by the side of my fathers they'll carry me soon
away,
Then I'll go to a higher school than the one I've seen to-day;
Where the Master of masters teacheth—where the scholars never
grow old—
From glory to glory I'll climb to the beautiful college of gold.
—J. H. Yates.

YE SLIPPERY CHRONICLES.

And first there descended a rain and it froze; there was ice on
sidewalk and doorstep. And every way was made slippery.
The people trod circumspectly.

And the steps leading up to the habitations of those who
dwelt on the Fifth avenue were likewise icy. For Old Prob-
abilities hath no respect of persons.

And early this morning Brown, the servant of Smith, a mighty

dealer in flour, whose silver and gold could not be counted, because he owed it all to others. Brown went forth at the dawn. And Brown the butler slipped on the steps and he fell bump-i-ty bump even unto the bottom. Then he picked himself up and returned to the house with a rent garment.

And Sarah, the handmaiden, she went forth at the call of the milkman. She also slipped on the prepared steps. She went bump-i-ty bump even unto the bottom. And the pitcher was broken and the milk spilt.

And at the ninth hour old Smith went forth. He was clad in purple and fine linen. He was going to the market place to buy and sell and get gain. And lo! Pride had a fall, and Smith, even old Smith, fell the diverse way from headlong and went bump-i-ty bump to the bottom. And he was sorely wounded, and he refused to be comforted. And all that day he made it rough even for those who owed him shekels. He said unto them all, "Pay me what thou owest or I foreclose on thee." For his heart ached grievously.

My people are not wise. My people do not consider. They should have cast dust and ashes upon their walks. For the wise man foreseeth a slippery evil and taketh it by the horns. But the simple pass on and go bump-i-ty bump even unto the bottom. The daughter of the house of Smith, too. She was fair to look upon. Yet she went forth this morn, and even she, clad in costly furs and skins, went like the rest bump-i-ty bump to the bottom.

My people did not consider. So they all went bump-i-ty bump to the bottom.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"My Fred! I can't understand it."
And his voice it quivered with pain,
While the tears kept slowly dropping
On his trembling hands like rain,
"For Fred was so brave and loyal,
So true; but my eyes are dim,
And I cannot read the letter,
The last I shall get from him.
Please read it, sir, while I listen—
In fancy I see him—dead—
My boy shot down like a traitor,
My noble, my brave boy Fred.
"Dear father," so ran the letter,
"To-morrow, when twilight creeps

Along the hill to the churchyard,
O'er the grave where mother sleeps,
When the dusky shadows gather,
They'll lay your son in the grave,
For nearly betraying the country,
He would give his life to save.
And, father, I tell you truly,
With almost my latest breath,
That your boy is not a traitor,
Though he dies a traitor's death.

"You remember Benny Wilson?
He's suffering a deal of pain,
He was only that day ordered
Back into the ranks again.
I carried all of his luggage
With mine on the march that day,
I gave him my arm to lean on,
Else he had dropped by the way.
'Twas Benny's turn to be sentry,
But I took his place, and I—
Father, I dropped asleep, and now
I must die as traitors die.

"The Colonel is kind and thoughtful,
He has done the best he can,
And they will not bind or blind me—
I shall meet the death like a man.
Kiss little Blossom, but father,
Need you tell her how I fall?"
And a sob from the shadowed corner,
Yes, Blossom had heard it all.
And she kissed the precious letter,
He said with faltering breath:
"Our Fred was never a traitor,
Though he dies a traitor's death."

And the little sun-brown maiden,
In a shabby, time-worn dress,
Took her seat a half hour later
In the crowded night express.
The conductor heard her story
As he held her dimpled hand,
And sighed for sad heart breaking
All over the troubled land.
He tenderly wiped the tear drops
From the blue eyes brimming o'er,
And guarded her footsteps safely
Till she reached the White House door.

The President sat at his writing,
 But the eyes were kind and mild
 That turned with a look of wonder
 On the little shy-faced child,
 And he read Fred's farewell letter
 With a look of sad regret.
 "'Tis a brave, young life," he murmured,
 "And his country needs him yet;
 From an honored place in battle
 He shall bid the world good-bye,
 If that brave young life is needed,
 He shall die as heroes die."

—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

THE TYRANT OF THE HOUSE.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

He comes, the tyrant of the house,
 Our youngest born, our baby fair,
 With pattering steps and lisping speech,
 With roguish eyes and curling hair.
 In every heart he reigns supreme,
 Despot in his sway,
 For all must yield to his caprice,
 And his commands obey.

Mamma must "upper" from her seat,
 Each monkey trick to see,
 Or put her pen and paper by,
 To take him on her knee.
 With pet upon his shoulder perched,
 Papa the porch must walk,
 Or lay the latest paper down,
 To list his prattling talk.

God-pa must put him on the horse,
 His little legs astride,
 And lead him up and down the walk,
 Before mamma can ride.
 E'en patient Willie can't escape,
 When he is sick in bed,
 For he must share his toast and tea,
 And be by Tommy fed.

The doctor, too, must humor him,
 When to the house he comes;
 Must let him in the buggy ride,
 Or cut the dolly's gums.

He fears the lancet, and at first
Of shaking hands is shy,
But runs to get the riding-whip,
And boldly says good-by.

O'er Mammy Jane he lords it, too;
She humors every whim;
Though always threatening she will keep
A pickled switch for him.
He prints his fingers in her dough,
To make himself a "lis,"
And when she shakes her head and scolds,
Holds up his mouth to kiss.

For well the darling understands
Upon our hearts to play,
And numerous are his coaxing wiles
To win us to his way.
He pats papa upon the back,
Another ride to get;
Strokes god-pa's face with both his hands,
And calls him "itty pet."

Says "poor mamma," and lays my head
Upon his little lap,
And then with dictatorial air,
Begins my face to slap.
He makes a bridle of my hair,
And bids me "gee and whoa;"
Turns sister's doll into a whip,
To make his pony go.

A very tyrant in the house,
And yet an angel, too,
Beneath whose little fluttering wings
Dead hopes spring up anew;
For his dear tiny baby hands
A veil of sadness rent,
And when he crept into our hearts,
A sorrow from them went.

AUNT JEMIMA'S COURTSHIP.

AS READ BY MISS HELEN POTTER.

Waal, girls—if you must know—reckon I must tell ye. Waal, 'twas in the winter time, and father and I were sitting alone in the kitchen. We wur sitting thar sort o' quiet like, when father sez, sez he to me, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I "What, sir?"

And he sez, sez he, "Wa'n't that a rap at the door?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." Bimeby, father sez to me again, sez he, "Are you sure?" and I sez, sez I, "No, sir." So I went to the door, and opened it, and sure enough there stood—a man. Waal, he came in and sat down by father, and father and he talked about almost everything you could think of; they talked about the farm, they talked about the crops, and they talked about politics, and they talked about all other ticks.

Bimeby father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima!" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, "Can't we have some cider?" And I sez, sez I, "I suppose so." So I went down in the cellar and brought up a pitcher of cider, and I handed some cider to father, and then I handed some to the man; and father he drinks, and the man he drinks, and father he drinks, and the man he drinks till they drink it all up. After awhile father sez to me, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Ain't it most time for me to be thinking about going to bed?" And I sez, sez I, "Indeed, you are the best judge of that yourself, sir." "Waal," he sez, sez he, "Jemima, bring me my dressing-gown and slippers." And he put them on and arter awhile he went to bed.

And there sat that man; and bimeby he began a-hitching his chair up toward mine—oh, my! I was all in a flutter. And then he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" for I was most scared to death. Waal, there we sat, and arter awhile, will you believe me, he began backing his chair closer and closer to mine, and sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "Will you have me?" And I sez, sez I, "No, sir!" Waal, by this time he had his arm around my waist, and I hadn't the heart to take it away 'cause the tears was a-rollin' down his cheeks, and he sez, sez he, "Jemima?" And I sez, sez I, "What, sir?" And he sez, sez he, "For the thirld and last time, I sha'n't ask ye ag'in, will ye have me?" And I sez, sez I, "Yes, sir,"—fur I didn't know what else to say.

SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamp-light's glare
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,

Laid the table and steeped the tea,
 Deftly, swiftly, silently;
 Tired and weary, weak and faint,
 She bore her trials without complaint,
 Like many another household saint—
 Content, all selfish bliss above
 In the patient ministry of love.

At last between the clouds of smoke
 That wreathed his lips the husband spoke:

“There’s taxes to raise, an’ int’rest to pay—
 And ef there should come a rainy day,
 ’Twould be mighty handy, I’m bound to say,
 T’have somethin’ put by; for folks must die,
 And there’s funeral bills, and gravestones to
 buy—

Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
 Besides, there’s Edward and Dick and Joe
 To be provided for when we go.
 So’f I was you, I’ll tell you what I’d do:
 I’d be savin’ of wood as ever I could—
 Extra fires don’t du any good—
 I’d be savin’ of soap, and savin’ of ile,
 And run up some candles once in a while;
 I’d be rather savin’ of coffee an’ tea,
 For sugar is high,
 And all to buy.

“And cider is good enough drink for me;
 I’d be kinder careful of my cloe’s
 And look out sharp how the money goes—
 Gewgaws is useless, nature knows;
 Extra trimmin’
 ’S the bane of women.

“I’d sell off the best of the cheese and honey
 And eggs is a good, nigh about, as money;
 And as to the carpet you wanted new—
 I guess we can make the old one du.
 And as for the washer, and sewin’ machine,
 Them smooth-tongued agents so pesky mean,
 You’d better get rid of ’em slick and clean.
 What do they know about women’s work?
 Do they kalkilate women was bern to shirk?”

Dick and Edward and Little Joe
 Sat in the corner in a row.
 They saw their patient mother go

On ceaseless errands to and fro;
 They saw that her form was bent and thin,
 Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,
 They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
 And then, with a wrath he could not smother,
 Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother—
 “You talk of savin’ wood and ile,
 An’ tea an’ sugar all the while,
 But you never talk of savin’ mother!”

THE BLACKSMITH MAN.

My mother puts an apron on to keep my coaties clean,
 And wubbers on my little boots, and then I go and lean
 Against the blacksmith’s doorway, to watch the coal fire shine,
 The bellows heave, the hammers swing—I wish they were all
 mine!

The horses bend their legs and stand; I don’t see how they can;
 But I would love to shoe their feet just like the blacksmith
 man.

Tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle-tan!

What a jolly noise he makes, the blacksmith man!

When I grow up an old big man, with whiskers on my chin,
 I will not have a grocery-store, or dry-goods store or tiu;
 I will not be a farmer, or a lawyer, not a bit;
 Or President—all the other boys are meaning to be it—
 Or a banker, with the money bills piled high upon the stan’—
 I’d rather hold the red-hot iron and be a blacksmith man.

Tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle-tan!

Oh, what a jolly noise he makes, the blacksmith man!

The blacksmith man has got such arms; his shop is such a
 place;

He gets as dirty as he likes, and no one cleans his face!
 And when the lightning’s in the sky he makes his bellows
 blow,

And all his fires flare quickly up, like lightning down below.

Oh, he must have the nicest time that any person can;

I wish I could grow up to-day, and be a blacksmith man!

Tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle-tan!

I wish I could grow up to-day and be a blacksmith man!

I mean to have a little house, with vines and porches to ’t,
 And fixed up nice and clean for me when I get tired of soot.

I’d marry little Susy, and have her for my wife—

We’ve been so well acquainted with each other all our life!

Oh, I mean to be as hearty and as happy as I can,
And an honest, good, hard-working, jolly, rosy, blacksmith
man!

Tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle, tang-tiddle-tan!

Here goes the honest, good, hard-working, jolly blacksmith
man!

MALARIA.

Our baby lay in its Mother's arms,
All sweet with its tiny dimpled charms;
But little mouth and tongue were sore,
And of its food 'twould take no more.
The doctor hemmed and shook his head,
And looking wise he gravely said,
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day give him quinine!"
Said grandmamma, "Dear me, that's new;
When I was young we called it 'sprue!'"

Our urchin, Tom, ne'er off his feet,
One day his dinner could not eat;
His head ached so, he was so ill,
Poor mother's heart with fear did fill.
The doctor felt his hands and head,
And looking wise, he gravely said,
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day give him quinine!"
Said grandmamma, "That can't be so!
He has been smoking, sir, I know!"

Our lady Maud, at seventeen—
As bright a girl as e'er was seen—
One day turned languid, white and frail,
And roses red did strangely pale.
The doctor felt her pulse and said,
While wisely he 'did shake his head,
"Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
Three times a day, give her quinine!"
Said grandmamma, "That can't be right!
Why, my good sir, she danced all night!"

Our pride, our eldest, Harry dear,
One night did act so strange and queer
That mother, frightened, panting, said,
"Run for the doctor—he'll be dead!"

The doctor came, and shook his head,
 And looking at him, grandly said,
 "Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
 Three times a day, give him quinine!"
 "What stuff?" said grandmamma, "I'm thinking
 That good-for-nothing boy's been drinking!"

The head of the house, forever well,
 One day fell ill, and sad to tell,
 Could not arise, but loud did cry,
 "If this keeps on, I'd rather die!"
 The doctor came, stood by the bed,
 And looking solemn, gravely said,
 "Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
 Three times a day, give him quinine!"
 Growled grandmamma, "Oh, fiddle dee dee!
 He's only billious—seems to me!"

One day our grandpa—eighty-four—
 Complained that he could see no more;
 That, at his age, it worried him
 That his good eye-sight should grow dim.
 "I've often seen it act that way,"
 The doctor solemnly did say,
 "Malaria—'tis plainly seen—
 Three times a day, give him quinine!"
 But grandma said, "I never see!
 Old man, you're growing old, like me!"

—Isabel H. Reid.

THE ENGINEER'S MURDER.

Yes, I once committed a murder,
 Outside the realms of law,
 That I s'pose the body of people
 Would not heed the worth of a straw;
 But I think I should sleep the sounder,
 Sometimes, when the night winds wail,
 If I never remembered "murder,"
 Or never told over the tale.

No matter the road I was running—
 'Twas in one of the Middle States;
 So many years since, that I wonder
 Why the sorrow never abates.

I was young, and hasty, and savage,
As youth is apt to be,
And my hand—well, my hand you will fancy
Was a trifle too ready and free.

I was in my caboose just at evening,
Say 'tween Holden and Fiddler's Run,
Making time, to reach Wayman's Siding
For the up-train, at five twenty-one;
I had had a hot box at Grossman's,
And that put me four minutes behind;
So I felt like—the word is ugly,
But the truth!—like “going it blind.”

Round a curve, and running—say forty,
Or it may have been fifty, who knows,
And there on the track before me,
A black fiend, at full scream, arose!
A dog, that sat down in the middle,
Between the two lines of rail,
And howled, like a fiend incarnate,
With a mixture of bark, yell, and wail.

Did I stop? Not much! I just opened
The throttle-valve, by a mite,
And over that dog she went flying,
And over something else—white!
I stopped her then with a shudder,
And ran back; in a mangled heap
Lay the dog, and what had been lately
A baby-girl laying asleep!

Have I never got over it? No, sir!

And I never shall till I die!

Why didn't I heed the warning?

It was only a black dog's cry.

I may have done many more murders,
And 'tis likely I have on the whole;
But there's none, when the night winds are howling,
That lay such a weight on my soul!

And what is the worst of my sorrow,
Don't make the one grand mistake!
I should grieve twice, I've a fancy,
For the poor dead baby's sake!

But the dog that was doing his duty
So nobly,—I grieve for him;
And I never tell over the story
But I find my old eyes grow dim.

—Henry Morford.

SAVED BY A CHILD.

A fair, sweet child, with eyes of blue,
With dainty dress, and dainty shoe,
With velvet cheeks and lips of red,
And sunny ringlets on his head,
Was toddling down the shady walk,
And mumbling bits of baby talk,
And crowing to himself in glee;
(He'd run away from home, you see,
And no one knew it). "Nurse is seep,
And Freddie'll have one little peep."

So both bright eyes with joy abrim—
A snowy sail so sweet and trim—
He glided 'neath the whisp'ring trees,
His blue sash floating in the breeze;
One dimpled hand still clasping close
A stolen pansy and a rose,
That grew in mamma's "bestest bed,
And me will have it," baby said.
He opened wide the garden gate,
And hurried forth in search of fate.

One corner more; how tired he grew!
The little shoes, so clean and blue,
Looked soiled and brown from walking much;
The flowers withered 'neath his touch.
But, oh! what is it Freddie sees
As down upon his chubby knees
He sinks, there in the dirty street,
With dress so white and face so sweet?

A drunkard in a heavy sleep;
A sight to make the angels weep.
One hand is thrown across his eyes;
The baby laughs to grow so wise.
"You'se blaying peep, dit up," he cried,
And pulled his hard, brown hand aside.
The poor, besotted man arose,
And tears fell on his tattered clothes.

"Is this an angel here," he said,
"Come down to save me from the dead?"
The baby fingers on his brow
Has touched his heart; you ask me how?
Because, long years ago, a child,
With sunny hair and eyes so mild,

Crowed in his home; but by and by
It left him for the world on high.

The appetite for drink was strong;
It cursed his hearth and home ere long;
It killed his patient, loving wife;
It stole his hope and crushed his life;
And here in rags and guilt he lay,
No one his downward course to stay.
But God, who saw his crooked track,
Sent this dear child to bring him back.

“Me’s tired, won’t you take me home?
Me’ll dive you fowers if you will tome.”
So in the great, strong hand he placed
The flowers that once the garden graced,
And then upon the drunkard’s breast
His dainty, curly head he pressed.

And many wondered at the sight—
The tattered man and baby bright;
And many turned to watch him go,
With tear-stained face, and footsteps slow,
But none dared speak. Tho’ sin-defiled,
They knew he would not harm the child.

Together through the iron gate
Went baby and his ragged mate,
Where nurse, now crying with alarm,
Snatched Freddie from the stranger’s arm.
But, turning ’round his curly head—
“Me’s dlad you brought me home,” he said;
And on his bearded cheek, still wet,
One friendly little kiss he set.

That man went home, to dream again
That he had grown like other men,
And only through that little child,
So innocent and undefiled,
Once more anew his life began
To live a sober, earnest man.

—*Ida Scott Taylor.*

OLD DADDY TURNER.

This was the picture in front of “Old Daddy Turner’s” cabin in the “Kaintuck” quarter the other afternoon: Two colored men sitting on a wash-bench, silent and sorrowful; an old dog, sleeping in the sun at their feet, and a colored woman calling

to a boy who was on the fence: "Now, Jeems Henry, you git right down from dat! Doan you know dat Daddy Turner am jist on de pint of dyin' and gwine up to Hebben?"

Here was the picture inside: The poor old white-headed man lying on his dying bed, flesh wasted away and strength departed. Near him sat his faithful old wife, rocking to and fro and moaning and grieving. Further away was a colored man and woman, solomn-faced and sad-hearted, and shaking their heads as they cast glances toward the bed. For a long time the old man lay quiet and speechless, but at length he signed to be propped up. A sun as warm as springtime poured into the room. He took notice of it, and a change came to his face as his eyes rested upon his grieving wife.

"Ize bin gwine back in my mind!" he whispered, as he reached out his thin hand for her to clasp. "Fur ober fo'ty y'ars we's trabbled 'long de same path. We sarved de same master as slaves 'way back in de dim past. We sang de same songs—we prayed de same prayers—we had hold of han's when we 'listed in de Gospel ranks an' sot our faces to'rds de golden gates of Hebben. Ole woman, Ize gwine to part wid you! Yes, Ize gwine ter leave yer all alone!"

"Oh! Daddy! Daddy!" she wailed as she leaned over him.

"Doan't take on so, chile! It's de Lawd's doin's, not mine. To-morrow de sun may be as bright an' warm, but de ole man won't be heah. All de arternoon Ize had glimpses of a shady path leadin' down to de shor' of a big, broad ribber. Ize seen people gwine down dar to cross ober, an' in a leetle time I'll be wid 'em."

She put her wrinkled face on the pillow beside his and sobbed, and he placed his hand on her head and said:

"It's the Lawd, chile—de bressed Lawd! Chile, Ize tried to be good to yer. You has been good to me. We am nuffin but ole cull'd folks, po' in eberyting, but tryin' to do right by eberybody. When dey tole me I'd got to die, I wasn't sartin if de Lawd wanted a po' ole black man like me up dar in His golden Hebben 'mong de angels, but He'll take me—yes, chile, He will! Dis mawnin' I heard de harps playin', de rustle of wings, an' a cloud sorter lifted up an' I got a c'ar view right frew de pearly gates. I saw ole slaves an' nayburs dar, an' dey was jist as white as anybody, an' a hundred han's beckoned me to come right up dar 'mong 'em."

"Oh, Daddy! I'll be all alone—all alone!" she wailed.

"Hush, chile! Ize gwine to be lookin' down on ye! Ize gwine to put my han' on yer head an' kiss ye when yer heart am big wid sorrow, an' when night shets down an' you pray to de Lawd, I'll be kneelin' long side of ye. Ye won't see me, but I'll be wid ye. You's old an' gray. It won't be long before

ye'll git de summons. In a little time de cloud will lif' fur ye, an' I'll be right dar by de pearly gates to take ye in my arms."

"But I can't let you go—I will hold you down heah wid me!"

"Chile! Ize sorry for ye, but Ize drawin' nigh dat shady path! Hark! I kin h'ah de footsteps of de mighty parade of speerits marchin' down to de broad ribber! Dey will dig a grave an' lay my ole bones dar, an' in a week all de world but you will forgit me. But doan' grieve, chile. De Lawd isn't gwine to shut de gates on me cause I'm old an' po' an' black. I kin see dem shinin' way up dar—see our boy at de gate—h'ar de sweetest music dat angels kin play! Light de lamp, chile, 'cause de night has come!"

"Oh! he's gwine—he's gwine!" she wailed, as her tears fell upon his face.

"Chile! hold my han'! Ober heah am de path! I kin see men an' women an' chil'en marchin' 'long! Furder down am de sunlight. It shines on de great ribber! Ober de ribber am —de—gates—of——"

Of Heaven! On earth, old and poor and low—beyond the gates, an angel with the rest.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE FARMER WHO BECAME DRUM-MAJOR.

Peggy: Our father worked upon a farm,
He wore a linen smock;

Meggy: 'Twas gathered to a yoke on top
And hung down like a frock.

Peggy: Oh, he was very meek,
And mother used to scold him,

Meggy: And he would always do
Exactly what we told him—

Peggy: *Ex-actly* what we told him.

Meggy: His shoulders had a little stoop
Which mother tried to cure;

Peggy: She used to say his shambling walk
She scarcely could endure.

Meggy: But he played the fiddle well,
And sang on Sunday sweetly;

Peggy: He beat the time for all,
And knew the tune completely—

Meggy: Yes, knew the tune com-*pletely*.

Peggy: When mother called, "Come, John!" he
came,
And smiling, chopped the wood;

- Meggy: He drew the water, swept the path,
And helped her all he could.
- Peggy: He used to romp with Meg and me,
Meggy: Yes, and with Polly Wentles,
Peggy: But, oh, my sakes ! that was before
He put on regimentals!
- Meggy: Yes, put on regimentals!
- Peggy: For, oh, a big militia-man,
One evening, after tea,
Meggy: Came in and coaxed our father dear
To join his company.
- Peggy: For men were very scarce
That summer in our village,
Meggy: And so they all prepared
They said for war and pillage.
Peggy: Just think! for war and pillage!
- Meggy: Well, after that he dropt the smock,
He stood up stiff and straight;
Peggy: And when we called for wood and things,
We always had to wait.
- Meggy: Still, he was rather meek,
And mother still could scold him;
Peggy: He nearly always did
Exactly what we told him—
Meggy: *Ex-actly* what we told him.
- Peggy: But soon he had a big mustache,
He stalked about the farm;
Meggy: He went to drill three times a week,
And couldn't see the harm.
- Peggy: At last he told our mother
A thing that did enrage her.
Meggy: "*Rid dic-u us !*" she said,
"*For you to be drum-major !*"
Peggy: For *him* to be drum-major!
- Meggy: He wore a splendid soldier coat,
He bore a mighty staff;
Peggy: But, oh, he lost his gentle ways,
And wouldn't let us laugh.
- Meggy: He grew so very fierce
He soon began to scold us,

- Peggy: And then *we* had to do
Exactly what *he* told us!
- Meggy: *Ex-actly* what he told us!
- Peggy: We used to run and hide away—
- Meggy: *You* did—not *I*, dear Peg!
- Peggy: Why, yes, you often did it too,
Now don't deny it, Meg!
- Meggy: He scared us 'most to death,
He walked just like a lion;
- Peggy: And when he coughed out loud
He set us both a-cryin'!
- Meggy: Yes, set us *both* a-cryin'!
- Peggy: He wouldn't play, he wouldn't work,
The weeds grew rank and tall;
- Meggy: The pumpkins died; we didn't have
Thanksgiving Day at all.
- Peggy: The farm is spoiled. It isn't worth,
Ma says, a tinker's wager.
- Meggy: Now wasn't it a dreadful thing
For him to turn drum-major?
- Both: A savage, awful, stark and stiff, ridiculous
drum-major!

—*St. Nicholas.*

THE HIGHWAY COW.

The hue of her hide was a dusky brown,
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,
One horn turned up and the other down,
She was keen of vision and long of limb;
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,
And ribs like the hoops of a home-made pail.

Many a mark did her old body wear:
She had been a target for all things known;
On many a scar the dusky hair
Would grow no more where once it had grown;

Many a passionate, parting shot
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well-aimed stone,
Many a brickbat of goodly size,
And many a cudgel swiftly thrown,
Had brought the tears to her bovine eyes;
Or had bounded off from her bony back,
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound,
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn.
Many a cowardly cur and hound
Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;
Many a tea-pot and old tin-pail
Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,
Though sometimes tempted to be profane,
When many a weary mile he ran
To drive her out of his growing grain.
Sharp pranks she used to play
To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town,
She wisely watched him when he went by;
He never passed her without a frown
And an evil gleam in each angry eye;
He would crack his whip in a surly way,
And drive along in his "one horse shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,
Lifting his bars with her crumpled horn;
Nimbly scaling his garden wall,
Helping herself to his standing corn,
Eating his cabbages one by one,
Hurrying home when her work was done.

Often the deacon homeward came,
Humming a hymn from the house of prayer,
His hopeful heart in a tranquil frame,
His soul as calm as the evening air,
His forehead as smooth as a well-worn plow,
To find in his garden that highway cow.

His human passions were quick to rise,
And striding forth with a savage cry,
With fury blazing from both his eyes,
As lightnings flash in a summer sky;
Redder and redder his face would grow,
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden round and round,
Breaking his pear and apple trees;
Tramping his melons into the ground,
Overturning his hive of bees;
Leaving him angry and badly stung,
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.
The mosses grew on the garden wall,
The years went by with their work and play,

The boys of the village grew strong and tall,
And the gray-haired farmers passed away
One by one as the red leaves fall,
But the highway cow outlived them all.

All earthly creatures must have their day,
And some must have their months and years;
Some in dying will long delay,
There is a climax to all careers,
And the highway cow at last was slain,
In running a race with a railway train.

All into pieces at last she went,
Just like the savings banks when they fail;
Out of the world she was swiftly sent,
Little was left but her old stumpy tail.
The farmer's cornfields and garden now
Are haunted no more by the highway cow.

TAKING AN ELEWATOR AT STEWART'S STORE.

I had heered considerable about this 'ere store, but I warn't in no way prepared for all I see there. Sakes! It was like a dozen villages like Nandusenberg a comin' out of meetin' all at once. Such a crowd I never see, and the women maulin' of the goods without buyin', and the clerks lookin' on sarcastic just like you see in any ornery store. Well, I went about better'n an hour gettin' a couple o' pair of good domestic hose for my son Jabez, and seven-eighths of a yard of stuff for cheese bags; and sudden, bein' uncommon tired, I felt a weak spell comin' on, and I hadn't hardly strength to ask for chintz for the sitting-room sofa.

"Next story, ma'am," says the clerk, kind o' lookin' sharp at me. "Wouldn't you like to take an elewator?"

Well, I *was* beat! It seemed a most uncommon proceeding, and what I never heered no gentleman do before, to ask me to take an elewator. I had my misgivings what it meant, for our Jabez with his jokes and what nots, though his father end me is most strong temprince folks, persists sometimes in takin' what he calls elewators, which is glasses o' speerits and water, calkerlated, as he says, to raise droopin' feelins and failin' strength.

"Sir," says I, as lofty as I could, "I prefer not, and to my mind you'd do better for a respectable shop not to be offerin' elewators, leastwise not to me."

So I kept walkin' around, not likin' to ask questions showin' my country ways, and still feelin' that awful feelin' of goneness which them as has weak spells is subject to, when another clerk,

hearin' me ask for chintzez, said something again about my takin' an elewator. By this time I felt dreadful, and so, says I, makin' up my mind it was a York fashion and it warn't best to seem too back country:

"Thanks to you, sir," says I, "I don't mind trying something of the kind, bein' most remarkable thirsty."

"Certainly, ma'am," says he, a bowin' careless toward a stand holdin' a fancy pail with a spigot to it, full of what I might have took to be water, judgin' by the taste, but I knew well enough it was some deceitful genteel kind of liquor with the taste and smell taken out, like they do to benzine and castor oil. No sooner had I swallered a goblet of it than the young man pintoed to a little room which, if you'll believe me, Mr. Editor, give the queerest kind of a jerk you ever see just as I looked in, and seein' comfortable sofas all around the walls of it, I stepped in. There was other ladies goin' in too, so we all set down, and I couldn't help wonderin' whether the poor things had not been takin' elewators like me.

"It won't do no harm," says I to myself, "to sit here a minute or two till this weak spell passes off," when, massy on me! if I didn't feel myself AGOIN' UP! Yes, agoin' up, and with me the room and sofas and ladies and all! I clutched a hold of the cushion and stared kind o' wild, like as not, for one of the ladies bit her lip as if contemplating to laugh, and still we was all agoin' up, leastwise so it seemed.

"It's all on account o' takin' that elewator," thinks I to myself, and then it come upon me how uncommon appropriate the word was, meanin' a drink, though I had heard Jabez's pa scold him for using that vulgar expression. But I couldn't help feelin' scared, particular when I see, all of a sudden, men and women kind o' walkin' about in the air. Once I jumped up to go out of the room, but a man workin' some clock-works in the corner held out his hand.

"In one moment, madam," said he, a pushin' me back with *such* an air.

"Did you take an elewator?" I whispered to the lady setting alongside of me. She nodded her head without saying nothing, and from her queer look I reckoned she was worse affected even than I was.

"It's the first one I ever took in my life here in York," continues I. "Our country elewators is more positive to take, but they don't have nothing of the effect, though I must say such things never ought to be took except in sickness."

"Now, madam," says the clock man, very pompous, "you won't have no difficulty now."

Sure enough I didn't have no difficulty. For a minit the effect of the elewator passed off suddener than it came. I followed the

ladies out lively enough, but sakes alive! what a time I had findin' the street door! I never was so bothered in all my life, though I knowed all along what was the matter, but just kept on without asking no questions of nobody, and finally a-goin' down-stairs, and down-stairs, and expectin' nothin' else but to find myself in the kitchen, if Mr. Stewart's family lives anywhere in the buildin', which is most likely, there bein' enough room I should think. Well, to make a long story short, how I ever got out of that store I don't ever expect to know, but after I once ketched sight of them glass doors, I didn't turn neck nor heel till I stood out on the sidewalk explainin' private to the police that I'd been takin' an elewator, and wouldn't he put me in a down-town stage. To this day I haven't said a word about the business to Jabez, nor husband, nor no one to home. Some things had best be by-gones. But I feel it a bounden duty, Mr. Editor, to warn all respectable females, great and small, not to be led into takin' elewators when they go into them York stores, least of all this new-fangled kind which is equal fatal in consequences to pure speerits, and tastes like nothin' on earth out water, which leads you to takin' too much.—*Betsey Bobbitt.*

OUR MINISTER'S SERMON.

The minister said last night, said he,
 "Don't be afraid of givin';
 If your life ain't worth nothin' to other folks,
 Why, what's the use of livin'?"
 And that's what I say to my wife, says I,
 There's Brown, the mis'erable sinner,
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
 A cent toward buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister is prime, he is,
 But I couldn't quite determine,
 When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
 Just who was hit by his sermon.
 Of course there couldn't be no mistake
 When he talked of long-winded prayin',
 For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
 "There's various kinds of cheatin',
 And religion's as good for every day
 As it is to bring to meetin'.

I don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at the preachin',
And spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow,
But I noticed he didn't open his mouth
But once, after that, to holler.
Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
Give us some more of this open talk,
It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
And riggin's out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
And coming to church to see the styles,
I couldn't help a-winkin'
And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
And I guess it sot her thinkin'.

Says I to myself, that sermon's pat,
But man is a queer creation,
And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
Won't take the application.
Now, if he had said a word about
My personal mode of sinnin',
I'd have gone to work to right myself,
And not set there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
"And now I've come to the fellers
Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
As a sort o' moral umbrellas,
Go home," says he, "and find your faults,
Instead of huntin' your brother's.
Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin'.
And lots o' lookin' at our pew,
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter,
I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old—centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammer, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout prolonged and loud,

That to the ocean seemed to say,
 "Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
 Take her to thy protecting arms,
 With all her youth and all her charms."
 Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
 Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
 The moistened eye the trembling lip,
 Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity, with all its fears,
 With all its hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge, and what a heat,
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope.

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale.
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea;
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee—are all with thee.

—*Longfellow*

PATIENT MERCY JONES.

Let us venerate the bones
 Of patient Mercy Jones,
 Who lies underneath these stones.

This is her story as once told to me
 By him who still loved her, as all men might see—
 Darius, her husband, his age seventy years,
 A man of few words, but, for her, many tears.

Darius and Mercy were born in Vermont;
 Both children were christened at baptismal font

In the very same place, on the very same day—
(Not much acquainted just then, I dare say).
The minister sprinkled the babies, and said,
“Who knows but this couple some time may be wed,
And I be the parson to join them together,
For weal or for woe through all sorts of weather!”

Well, they *were* married, and happier folk
Never put both their heads in the same loving yoke.
They were poor, they worked hard, but nothing could try
The patience of Mercy, or cloud her bright eye.
She was clothed with Content as a beautiful robe;
She had griefs—who has *not* on this changeable globe?—
But at such times she seemed like the sister of Job.
She was patient with dogmas, where light never dawns,
She was patient with people who trod on her lawns;
She was patient with folks who said blue skies were gray,
And dentists and oxen who pulled the wrong way;
She was patient with phrases no husband should utter,
She was patient with cream that declined to be butter;
She was patient with buyers with nothing to pay,
She was patient with talkers with nothing to say;
She was patient with millers, whose trade was to cozen,
And grocers who counted out ten to the dozen;
She was patient with bunglers and fault-finding churls,
And tall, awkward lads who came courting her girls;
She was patient with crockery no art could mend,
And chimneys that smoked every day the wrong end;
She was patient with reapers who never would sow,
And long-winded callers who never would go;
She was patient with relatives when, uninvited,
They came, and devoured, then complained they were
slighted;

She was patient with crows that got into the corn,
And other dark deeds out of wantonness born;
She was patient with lightning that burned up the hay,
She was patient with poultry unwilling to lay;
She was patient with rogues who drank cider too strong,
She was patient with sermons that lasted too long;
She was patient with boots that tracked up her clean floors,
She was patient with peddlars and other smooth bores;
She was patient with children who disobeyed rules,
And, to crown all the rest, she was patient with fools.

The neighboring husbands all envied the lot
Of Darius, and wickedly got up a plot
To bring o'er his sunshine an unpleasant spot.
“You think your wife’s temper a proof against fate,

But *we* know of something her smiles will abate.
When she gets out of wood, and for more is inclined,
Just send home the *crookedest* lot you can find;
Let *us* pick it out, let *us* go and choose it,
And we'll bet you a farm, when she comes for to use it,
Her temper will crack like Nathan Dow's cornet,
And she'll be as mad as an elderly hornet."

Darius was piqued, and he said, with a *vum*:
"I'll pay for the wood, if *you'll* send it hum;
But depend on it, neighbors, no danger will come."

Home came the gnarled roots, and a crookeder load
Never entered the gate of a Christian abode.
A ram's horn was straighter than any stick in it,
It seemed to be wriggling about every minute;
It would not stand up, it would not lie down,
It twisted the vision of one-half the town.
To *look* at such fuel was really a sin,
For the chance was Strabismus would surely set in.

Darius said nothing to Mercy about it:
It *was* crooked wood—even *she* could not doubt it;
But never a harsh word escaped from her lips,
Any more than if the old snags were smooth chips.
She boiled with them, baked with them, washed with them
through

The long winter months, and none ever knew
But the wood was as straight as Mehitable Drew,
Who was as straight as a die, or a gun, or an arrow,
And who made it her business all male hearts to harrow.

When the pile was burned up, and they needed more wood,
"Sure now," mused Darius, "I *shall* catch it good;
She has kept her remarks all condensed for the spring,
And my ears, for the trick, now deserve well to sing;
She never *did* scold me, but now she will pout,
And say with *such* wood she is nearly worn out."

But Mercy, unruffled, was calm like the stream
That reflects back at evening the sun's perfect beam;
And she looked at Darius, and lovingly smiled,
As she made this request with a temper unriled:
"We are wanting more fuel, I am sorry to say;
I burn a great deal too much every day,
And I mean to use less than I have in the past;
But get, if you can, dear, a load like the last;
I never had wood that I liked half so well—
Do see who has nice *crooked* fuel to sell:

There's nothing that's better than wood full of knots,
It fays so complete round the kettles and pots,
And washing and cooking are really like play
When the sticks nestle close in so charming a way."

—James T. Field.

THE DRUNKARD'S BONDAGE.

"Give me a drink, oh, give me a drink,"

The drunkard in agony cried;

"I have no doubt you mean me well,

But I have so vainly tried

To stop drinking—and I give it up,

For I cannot put away the liquor cup.

"I've signed the pledge more than once,

And to keep it tried in vain,

For the demon drink o'ercame my strength,

And I'll never try it again.

Some brandy, I say! for my vitals crave

The drink to which I've long been a slave.

"Don't tell me, be brave and use my will;

My will has been dead years ago;

The more I strive the weaker I get,

And the drunkard's life is my woe.

I shall die ere long in dreadful disgrace,

Unfit to see my Maker's face.

"Go away with your preaching, I'm sick of it all;

Don't offer a sermon to me;

Put away your pledge, and close the doors

Of the haunts that deal in misery;

If I don't see the accursed stuff,

I am a sober man enough.

"I know I am dying every day,

And into hell I may sink,

But when the demon of thirst is strong

I would go through hell for a drink!

I forget my wife, my children all,

And to have it, before them dead I'd fall.

"Oh, listen, all ye virtuous souls—

There is many a wretched man

Who longs to stop his habit of drink,

Beginning a new life again;

But there's a rum-shop at every turn,
Making his thirst to fiercely burn.

"Use your influence, ladies fair,
To drive the rum-sellers away,
Making them see the dreadful needs
They are causing day by day;
They might shrink in shame and sore affright—
Hiding their eyes from the loathsome sight.

"So if you would save me, and the rest
Of the men who suffer and fall,
Get your laws turned round, and set them to work,
Closing them speedily, all!
Then you may talk to the drunkard, and save
Many a man from a drunkard's grave.

—M. E. Carmichael.

THE AUCTION SALE.

Enter MR. TOODLES, MRS. TOODLES following him.

Toodles. Oh! don't dear Toodles me! You'll drive me mad.
Your conduct is scandalous in the extreme.

Mrs. T. My dear Toodles, don't say so!

Toodles. But I will say so, Mrs. Toodles. What will become of us, with your passion of going to auctions, and buying everything you see, because it's cheap? I say, Mrs. Toodles, where's the money; and echo answers, Where?

Mrs. T. I'm sure, my dear Toodles, I lay it out to the best advantage.

Toodles. You shall not squander and waste my means.

Mrs. T. My dear, I buy nothing but what's useful.

Toodles. Use-ful—useless you mean. I won't have my house turned into a hospital for invalid furniture. At the end of the week, I ask, where's the money. All gone too—spent in cursed nonsense.

Mrs. T. My love, although they are of no use to you at present, we may want them; and how useful it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. Why, Mrs. T., the house is full already of damaged chairs and dilapidated tables, sofas with one leg, washstands with two legs, chairs with three legs, and some without a leg to stand upon.

Mrs. T. I'm sure you can't find fault with the last bargain I bought.

Toedles. What is it?

Mrs. T. A pair of crutches.

Toodles. A pair of crutches! What use are they to me, Mrs. T.?

Mrs. T. No, not at present. But you might meet with an accident; and then how handy it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. Oh! here's a woman goes to an auction, and buys a pair of crutches in anticipation that her husband will break his legs. But look what you did the other day: when this railroad was finished out here, why, curse me! if you did not buy forty-three wheelbarrows—some with wheels, and some without wheels. And then again, before this new system of police was introduced, we had watchmen and watch-boxes: now our police have stars on their breasts, and the corporation abolished watch-boxes. They were all put up at auction; and I'll be hanged if you didn't buy ninety-three watch-boxes!

Mrs. T. Now, my dear Toodles, how unreasonable you are! You don't know but they will be wanted; and then how handy it will be to have them in the house!

Toodles. That's your old excuse. We have wheelbarrows in the yard, watch-boxes in the cellar, wheelbarrows and watch-boxes all over the house. The pigs eat out of the wheelbarrows, and the cows sleep in the watch-boxes.

Mrs. T. Now, my dear Toodles, don't that prove their utility?

Toodles. When I came home the other night, I tumbled into something, and broke my shins. I called Jane to bring a light. I found myself in a watch-box. What was your last purchase? The other day I saw a cart before the door, and two men carrying into the house—a door-plate.

Mrs. T. My dear Toodles—

Toodles. And the name of Thompson upon it—Thompson with a P. Mrs. Toodles, if I were not innately a sober man, you would drive me to an extreme case of drinking. Well, what was your reason for buying the door-plate? "Toodles, my dear," says you, "we may have a daughter, and that daughter may be a female, and live to the age of maturity; and she may marry a man of the name of Thompson with a P.; then, how handy it will be to have it in the house!"

Mrs. T. And won't it, dear?

Toodles. You had it stuck over the mantel-piece; and when I come down to breakfast, or home to dinner, there was that odious name of Thompson looking me in the face. If I had a daughter, and I caught a man of the name of Thompson making love to her, I'd break his head with that door-plate.

Mrs. T. But, my dear Toodles—

Toodles. Yes, Mrs. T., I say religiously, morally, sincerely, and emphatically, "Curse Thompson!" But I went to the auc-

tion too, to-day. I've got a present for you. I bought it at quite a bargain.

Mrs. T. What is it, eh, dear?

Toodles. As soon as I saw it, I said to myself, "It will be just the fit for my dear Tabitha!"

Mrs. T. Don't plague me. What is it, eh, dear?

Toodles. I think I can see you looking so nice and comfortable in it!

Mrs. T. Well, why don't you tell me what it is?

Toodles. Just your fit. A nice brass plate on it, and varnished all over.

Mrs. T. Yes, yes; and it is——

Toodles. A coffin, my love.

Mrs. T. Oh, you brute!

Toodles. We don't want it just now; but we don't know what may happen; and then how handy it will be to have it in the house!

Mrs. T. Oh, you wretch, you'll be the death of me.

Toodles. Will I? It's lucky I bought the coffin.

[*Exit, followed by MRS. TODDLES.*]

THE MAN WHO TOOK THE BEANS.

One morning, fifty years ago,
When apple-trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spellbound with the perfume rare,
Upon a farm-horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-browned youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies;
But bluer were that maiden's eyes.
The dewdrops on the grass were bright;
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath the long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid.
Adown the shoulders, brown and bare,
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And, with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so.

And she, without the least surprise,
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes,
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man;
And, with a joy but rarely known,
She drew that dear face to her own,
And by her bridal bonnet hid—
I cannot tell you what she did.

So on they rode, until, among
The new-born leaves with dewdrops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out, a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face,
“What shall we do,” he turned to say,
“Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?”
And, glancing down, his eye surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents, reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joy for them.

The maiden answers, “Let us wait:
To borrow trouble where’s the need?”
Then at the parson’s squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.
Down from the horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung;
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household pale with fright;
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells;
And, as the parson nods, he leans
Far o’er the window-sill, and yells,
“Come in! He says he’ll take the beans.”

Lord, how she jumped! With one glad bound
She and the bean-bag reached the ground;
Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door,
And down upon the parlor-floor
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.
Ah! happy were their songs that day

When man and wife they rode away,
 But happier this chorus still
 Which echoed through those woodland scenes—
 "God bless the priest of Whitinsville!
 God bless the man who took the beans!"
 —*R. M. Streeter.*

LESSONS IN COOKERY.

Miss Cicely Jones is just home from boarding school, and engaged to be married, and as she knows nothing about cooking or housework, is going to take a few lessons in culinary art to fit her for the new station in life which she is expected to adorn with housewifely grace. She certainly makes a charming picture as she stands in the kitchen door, draped in a chintz apron prettily trimmed with bows of ribbon, her bangs hidden under a Dolly Varden cap, old kid gloves, while she sways to and fro on her dainty French kid heels, like some graceful wind blown flower.

"Mamma," she lisped, prettily, "please introduce me to your assistant?"

Whereupon, mamma says: "Bridget, this is your young lady, Miss Cicely, who wants to learn the name and use of everything in the kitchen, and how to make cocoanut rusks and angel's' food before she goes to housekeeping for herself."

Bridget gives a snort of disfavor, but as she looks at the young lady, relents and says, "I'll throy."

"And now, Bridget dear," says Miss Cicely, when they were alone, "tell me everything. You see I don't know anything except what they did at school, and isn't this old kitchen lovely? What makes this ceiling such a beautiful bronze color, Bridget?"

"Shmoke," answers Bridget, shortly, "and me ould eyes are put out with that same."

"Shmoke—I must remember that, and Bridget, what are those shiny things on the wall?"

"Kivers?—tin kivers for pots and kittles."

"Kivers?—oh, yes, I must look for the derivation of that word. Bridget, what are those round things in the basket?"

"Praties! (For the Lord's sake where hez ye lived niver to hear of praties?) Why, them's the principal mate of Ireland where I kim from."

"Oh, but we have corrupted the name into potatoes; such a shame not to keep the idiom of a language. Bridget—do you mind if I call you Biddie?—it is more euphonious and modern—"

izes the old classic appellation. What is this liquid in the pan here?"

"Och, murder! Where wuz ye raised? That's millick, fresh from the cow."

"Millick? That is the vernacular, I suppose, of milk, and that thick, yellow coating?"

"Is crame. (Lord, such ignorance.)"

"Crame! Now, Biddie, dear, I must get to work. I'm going to make a cake all out of my own head for Henry—he's my lover, Biddie—to eat when he comes to-night."

Bridget (aside): "It's dead he is sure, if he ates it!"

"I've got it all down here, Biddie, on my tablet: A pound of butter, twenty eggs, two pounds of sugar, salt to your taste. No, that's a mistake. Oh, here it is. Now, Biddie, the eggs first. It says to beat them well; but won't that break the shells?"

"Well, I'd break them this time if I were you, Miss Cicely; they might not sot well on Mister Henry's stummack if ye didn't," said Bridget, pleasantly.

"Oh, I suppose the shells are used separately. There! I've broken all the eggs into the flour. I don't think I'll use the shells, Biddie; give them to some poor people. Now, what next? Oh, I'm so tired! Isn't housework dreadful hard? But I'm glad I've learned to make cake. Now what shall I do next, Biddie?"

"Excuse me, Miss Cicely, but you might give it to the pigs. It's meself can't see any other use for it," said Bridget, very crustily.

"Pigs! Oh, Biddie! you don't mean to say that you have some dear, cunning little white pigs! Oh, do bring the little darlings in and let me feed them. I'm just dying to have one for a pet. I saw some canton flannel ones at a fair and they were too awfully sweet for anything."

Just then the bell rang and Bridget returned to announce Mr. Henry, and Cicely told Bridget she would take another lesson the next day, and then she went up-stairs in her chintz apron and mop cap, with a little dab of flour on her tip-lifted nose, and told Henry she was learning to cook, and he told her she must not get overheated or worried out, for he didn't care whether she could cook or not; he should never want to eat when he could talk to her, and it was only sordid souls that cared for cooking.

And meanwhile poor Bridget was just slamming things in the kitchen and talking to herself in her own sweet idiom about "idgits turning things upside down for her inconveniencing."
Detroit Free Press.

AFTER THE SALE.

The wagon, with high fantastic load
Of household goods, is at the gate;
The shadows darken down the road;
Why does the old man wait?
Bureau, bedstead, rocking-chair,
Upturned table with heels in the air—
Whatever the grudging fates would spare,
Lies huddled and heaped and tumbled there,
A melancholy freight!

"Of all his riches," the teamster said,
"Now only this precious pile remains!
A blanket and bed for his old gray head,
For all his life-long pains.
Hard case, I own! but they say that Pride
Must have a fall." His ropes he tied
In the chill March wind. "Hurry up!" he cried,
And gathered in the reins.

The old wife bows her stricken face
On the doorstone, weary and worn and gray,
The old man lingers about the place,
Taking a last survey;
Looks in once more at the great barn door,
On the empty mow and the vacant floor;
All the gains of his life have gone before,
And why should he care to stay?

Only a stool with a broken leg
Is left, and a bucket without a bail.
The harness is gone from hook and peg,
Even the whip from its nail;
Dreary shadows hang from the wall,
No friendly whinny from shed or stall,
Nor un milked heifer's welcoming call;
The poultry and pigs have vanished, all
Swept out by the Sheriff's sale.

Back to the door-yard well he goes
For a parting look, a farewell drink.
How drippingly that bucket rose
And poised for him on the brink
In the summers gone, and plashed his feet
When the men came in from the harvest heat!
How blessedly cool the draught, how sweet,
'Tis misery now to think.

What scenes of peaceful, prosperous life
Once filled the yard, so desolate now!
When he often would say to his pleased, proud wife,
That the farm appeared, somehow,
More thrifty and cheery than other men's,
With its cattle in pasture and swine in pens,
Bleating of lambs and cackle of hens,
And well-stored crib and mow.

The early years of their proud success,
The years of failure and mutual blame,
Are past, with the toil that was happiness,
And the strife that was sorrow and shame.
She came to him hopeful and strong and fair—
Now who is the sad wraith sitting there,
With her burden of grief and her old thin hair
Bowed over her feeble frame?

"Do you remember? This well," he said,
"Was sunk that summer when Jane was born.
She used to stand in the old house-shed
And blow the dinner-horn
In after years—or climb a rail
Of the door-yard fence for a cheery hail—
Then run to the curb for a brimming pail,
When I came up from the corn."

Why think of her now? against whose name
His lips and heart long since were sealed;
Whose memory in their lives became
A sorrow that never was healed.
Her step is on the creaking stair;
Her girlish image is everywhere!
He hears her laughter, he sees her hair
Blow back in the wind, as she comes to bear
His luncheon to the field.

"'Twas a terrible wrong!" The old wife spoke,
Swaying her gaunt frame to and fro.
"I'll say it now!" Her strained voice broke
Into a wail of woe.
"It haunts me awake, it haunts me asleep!
And silence has been so hard to keep—
So long!—But there is a grief too deep
For ever a man to know!"

A quaver of anguish shook his tone,
His look was pierced with a keen remorse;
"The blame, I suppose, was all my own;
And I have no heart, of course!

Great Heaven! nor any grief to hide!"
Lifting his gloomy hat aside,
He looked up, haggard and hollow-eyed,
Like one whose burning soul had dried
His tears at their very source.

"No, no! I don't mean that," she wept,
"I've felt you suffering many a day,
And often at night when you thought I slept,
And when I have heard you pray,
Until it seemed that my heart would burst.
And as for the blame, you know, at first,
I claimed you were right and did my worst
To force her to obey.

"For the dream of our lives had been to make
Our Jane a lady fit for a lord;
Our schemes were all for our children's sake,
And it seemed a cruel reward
To see her with careless scorn refuse—
For all the arguments we could use—
The man you most approved, and choose
The one you most abhorred.

"But when she had chosen and all was done,
You needn't have been so hard and stern;
We might have forgiven the poor dear one,
And welcomed her return.
You never could know what she was to me,
You never will know how I yearn to see
My child again—how homesickly
I yearn, and yearn, and yearn!

"She chose for herself, and who can tell?
She braved your will, it's true, and yet
She may, for all that, have chosen well.
And how can we forget?

We chose for Alice, and unawares
Rushed with her into a rich man's snares,
Who tangled us up in his loose affairs,
And dragged us down with debt."

"Well, well!"—with a heavy sigh—"Let's go!
I haven't been always wise. Ah, Jane!
Some things might not be done just so,
If they were to do again.
But Alice is dead and the farm is gone;
Our hopes, and all that we built them on,
Friends, wealth, are scattered hither and yon
And only ourselves remain.

"These boughs will blossom and fruits will fall
The same! When I changed the orchard lot
And fenced it all with good stone wall,
And planned the garden plot,
And built the arbor and planted trees,
And made a home for our pride and ease,
We little thought these were all to please
Strangers who knew us not!

"Others will reap where we have sown;
But others never can understand
What watchful care these fields have known,
Or how I loved the land.
Here maids will marry and babes be born,
The sun will shine on the wheat and corn,
Crops be gathered and sheep be shorn,
But by a stranger's hand.

"Come, wife!" With bitterest vain regret,
Remembering all good things that were,
The old man yet can half forget
His woes, in pity of her.
She entered, a young man's happy bride,
She crowned his home with hope and pride,
And now goes forth by an old man's side,
A weary wanderer.

With slow, disconsolate, broken talk,
They look their last and pass the gate;
The wagon is gone and they must walk
A mile, and it's growing late.
She bears a parcel, he lifts a pack,
But what do they see there, up the track,
Against the sunset, looming black?
'Tis strange! the wagon is coming back,
With its melancholy freight.

And what is the driver shrieking out?
Now Heaven, for a moment, keep them sane!
"Turn about! turn about!" they hear him shout,
As he flourishes whip and rein—
"You've a home and a good friend yet, you'll find,
A coach is following close behind;"
A face—a voice—Oh, Heaven be kind!
Oh, lips that tremble and tears that blind!
Oh, breaking hearts! IT'S JANE!

—J. T. Trowbridge.

WIDDER SPRIGGINS' DAUGHTER.

'Twas on a beauteous summer morn,
When things were up and comin',
And all among the pumpkin-vines,
The tumble-bees were hummin';
I took an early half-mile walk,
As everybody'd orter,
When in the cowpath I was met
By Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Her eyes were black as David's ink,
Her cheeks were red as fury,
And one smack of her luscious lips
Would bribe a judge or jury.
I bow'd—she curcheyed just the way
Her nice old mar had taught her;
She smiled—and oh! my heart was gone
To Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Says I, "My dear, how do ye do?"
Says she, "I reckon finely;"
Says I, "Of all the gals I know,
You look the most divinely."
I snatched a kiss—she slapped my face,
In fact, just as she'd orter;
"Behave yourself, how dare you, sir!"
Cried Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

Just then an old rampageous sheep,
Who had been feeding near, sir,
Squared off, and like a ton of bricks,
He took me with his head, sir;
I landed in a pond, chuck full
Of frogs and filthy water,
And then she stood and larfed and larfed.
That Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

I rather guess I crawled out quick,
Picked up my hat and mizzled,
While love's bright torch so lately lit,
Out in that frog-pond fizzled.
Well, she was married yesterday,
A lawyer chap has got her;
So, I'll forget, if not forgive
The Widder Spriggins' Daughter.

OUR CHOIR.

Sophia G. Sharp, the soprano of our choir, has a cracked voice. That is, we suppose her voice is cracked, because the minister's cousin, Professor Blow, who is our organist, says so. And as the professor arranges all the music, works hard at the instrument, and gets a smaller salary than any of the rest of the choir, I suppose it must be so. Besides, the sexton says so; and as the bell on our meeting-house is in the same condition, which led the good man to think that there was some analogy between Sophia's voice and the bell (although the comparison is rather unfavorable to Sophia's voice), he ultimately came to a full belief that it is so, and confidentially told me as much, which has brought me to the same conclusion, and therefore I think that Sophia's voice is cracked. This creviced condition of her vocal organ is most perceptible when she sings the "Amen" in the responses to the prayers; especially when she takes the A flat, A or B flat above the stave. We think that if the notes were a little less acute at such times, it would sound better; but as the organist arranges most of the music from his own works, Verdi's, and Lowell Mason's, the great American composer, we suppose that somehow it is all right; and the minister being very hard of hearing, it don't seem to make any difference to *him* anyhow; therefore, there is no criticism from the pulpit, and musical matters in our church rest on a tolerably harmonious basis.

Miss Henrietta Pepperhill is our alto. She is a young girl, at present taking lessons in one of the Boston Conservatories (which one of them we are unable to state, there are so many by that name), and, as the *registers* in her voice have not been fully united and leak in the joints, the tones are somewhat uncertain. Her teacher, Prof. James de Mulrooney, says, however, that this little difficulty will be overcome in time. We hope so, as we have not as yet been able to form any idea of what the voice really is; and as she is a distant relation of ours, perhaps we had better not say anything more, except to praise her singing, which, as yet, we are not quite resolved to do. Time and Prof. Mulrooney, we hope, will eventually decide the point.

We all like our tenor, Mr. George Augustus Gasper. Some of the young men, however, say he is a "sardine," or something of that sort, which only means that they are jealous of him, because the young ladies admire him. He parts his hair in the middle, and turns up the ends of his mustache. But his voice is elegant; he sings as though he was full of feeling, and scarcely ever looks at the notes; I suppose he can sing better without them. A friend of our family, who occasionally comes out here to attend church with us, says that he would as soon hear a

calf bleat, as to hear Gasper try to sing; but our friend has taken lessons in *voice building*, in Boston, where he resides, and of course he is simply jealous. I tell him that he is not used to that kind of a voice, that it is a sort of *natural* voice peculiar to out-of-town (I don't exactly mean country) people, and perhaps they don't have any of that kind of voice in the city; but he only says, "perhaps they don't." To be sure Mr. Gasper does sing through his nose sometimes; at any rate, it sounds so, and often it seems as though he was crying; but I suppose that this is because he is so full of emotion or something of that sort. He can hold on to a note longer than any other singer in the choir, and we even hear him catch his breath after the organ has ceased. But I suppose that the organist sometimes stops sooner than Mr. Gasper expects, on purpose, of course, to listen to his voice. I had rather hear him sing a solo alone than with the rest of the quartet, because his voice comes out more fully at such times, and one can thus get a better idea of his singing. He says he don't like to sing duets with the soprano, because she sharps so; and I think myself that it does not sound very well. I wish that they would dispense with the other singers and let Mr. Gasper do all the singing; I know that he would be pleased to do so. But this would not suit everybody, although he is willing to undertake it if they will increase his salary. He is now taking lessons on the organ, and will soon be able to sing and play too. Perhaps some kind of a compromise can be effected. He is a very modest man in every particular, and we all think him a model tenor (at least I do).

I must not forget to mention our bass; his name is Peleg Underwood. I cannot say much about his singing, as I am no judge in this matter, and can only tell what suits me. Peleg's voice don't suit me, and so I think that he cannot be a good singer. His tones are very deep, and appear to be good only for funeral occasions. I shouldn't like to have him sing over my remains, I know I couldn't stand it. He frightened the boy who takes care of the vestry one evening. The lad was going in to light or look after the furnace. Mr. Underwood was up in the organ loft trying his voice on some of the low notes (there was to be a funeral the next day), and the boy heard him, after he got inside the church in the dark, and was so frightened that he never could be prevailed upon to go near the church afterward in the evening, unless his sister or some one else went with him.

I believe that I said something about our organist, but as my judgment in this matter may not be good, perhaps I had better not venture to expose it. The minister says that although Prof. Blow is his own cousin, that he must say he thinks that he don't play quite loud, or fast, or slow enough, he don't

know which. But as the minister is deaf, of course it seems so to him. He also says that he wishes that Miss Sharp wouldn't try her voice while the bell is tolling; this proves that the minister and sexton have both become a little confused on this point, not always being able to tell which is the bell or which is Miss Sharp's voice. It causes the minister some uneasiness in consequence, but the sexton says that "he don't mind it at all, it don't interfere with *his* business." I wish our minister wasn't deaf; but after all it is better not to be too critical in church music.

THAT CITY CHAP.

"Why, how de do, Miss Stebbins? I'm mortal glad you're here,

Fer things are in a muddle, now, with nothin' straight or clear; Jest walk into the chamber there an' lay your things away;

I felt, somehow, this mornin' that perhaps you'd come to-day.

I'm e'enamost demented, too, from worriment and fear;

My limbs are weak an' tremblin', and my head feels wondrous queer;

While father—well, he's clean broke down, an' waitin' in the barn

Till neighbor Jones comes back from town, where he has gone to larn

If any news can be obtained, by waitin' round a spell,

An' watchin' for a word or sign of her he loved so well.

"But take a seat, Miss Stebbins—fer I know you've come to stay—

An' you can help this breakin' heart to bear its load to-day.

You see it's sort o' comfortin', when one is old and queer,

To know the sunny bloom o' youth is shinin' somewhere near.

There's not a soul about the place but father, now, and me;

Though we had always hoped to hold a gran'child on our knee;

But she who was our joy an' pride, in selfishness has flown,

An' we are left at eventide to travel on alone.

But then, I beg yer pardon! fer I s'pose you hardly know

How all a parent's life an' hope will for their children flow;

So I will tell the story—fer I know you've time to wait—

An', if my narves will rest a bit, I'll try an' tell it straight.

"It's all about our Susie, fer, you see, she's run away

Along o' that young city chap that come down here last May,

A bringin' piles o' artist things an' wanderin' all about—

Though why on airth he acted so I never could make out.

He'd climb that hill in Jones's lot, beneath a b'ilin' sun,
 An' squattin' down among the rocks, jest paint 'em, one by one;
 An' then he'd wade among the mire, deep down in Bogg's glen,
 A paintin' daubs o' this, and that, like any child o' ten.
 I s'pose he got them picters up to take away an' sell;
 Though who would buy a pile o' rocks I'm sure I couldn't tell;
 So, after watchin' him a spell, I jest made up my mind
 That he was queer about the head, like many of his kind.

"An' Susie—well, she hed some ways we couldn't quite make out;

Though of her love, an' faith in us, we never hed a doubt;
 But from the time when, as a child, she played about my knee,
 On many p'int's her mind an' mine could never jest agree.
 She didn't take to farmin' life, with all its toil an' care;
 But then I s'pose 'twant jest the thing fer one so frail an' fair;
 An' then she read a pile o' books, o' poetry an' sich;
 An' talked of lovers fond an' true, who made their sweethearts rich.

Fer spellin' skules an' quiltin' bees she didn't seem to care,
 But jest sot round an' read an' thought, each moment she could spare,

She might a hed her pick o' beaux in all the country round,
 Fer in beguillin', tender ways, her match could not be found.

"An' I—well—when 'twas late at night, an' everything was still,

I'd often kneel beside her ecuch an' seek the Master's will;
 Fer I'd known nothin' of the world beyend our little farm,
 To guide a natur' sich as hern an' keep her safe from harm.
 An', jest because she hed some ways I couldn't understand,
 I felt my duty all the more to lead her by the hand.

She'd often, on a summer's eve, sit by the open door

An' tell us stories of the world, we'd never dreamed before;
 An' when the twilight round us fell, an' stars came in the sky;
 I'd hide my face on father's arm an' hev a quiet cry;

Fer when she talked o' all them things, an' looked so sweet an' wise,

I felt, somehow, thet from the farm we'd one day lose our prize.

"An' father—all his heart an' soul was bound up in his child;
 An' to the knowledge of our loss he can't be reconciled.

When she grew up, an' all her life set 'gainst this country rule,
 He gathered up his little means an' sent her off to skule;
 An', Heaven knows, jest how he toiled from morn till late at night;

Fer keepin' her in city style it tuk an awful sight.

But all his toilin' toward the last proved but of small avail,

Fer matters, somehow, would get mixed, an' crops began to fail;

An' father's health was breakin' fast, so nothin' else would do
But place a mortgage on the farm, to see his darlin' through;
Fer she was so bound up in books he knowed she'd fret and grieve,

Until her lovin' heart would break, ef she was forced to leave.

"Well, she came home amazin' smart, an' larned in many ways;
While all the country, fur an' near, was ringin' with her praise;
I s'pose that all this fol-de-rol hed sort o' turned her brain,
An' tuk away all nat'ral taste fer anything that's plain;
But all the time I never thought our Susie much to blame,
Fer, bless her heart! right through it all she loved us jest the same.

She sort o' wearied o' the life, and grew quite thin an' weak,
While in her eyes a longin' look seemed tryin' fer to speak.
She didn't know fer quite a spell about what we hed done,
In mortgagin' the dear old farm to make the money run;
An' when we told the story, with jest a show of pride,
That she should know our love for her, she broke right down
and cried.

"But when she met this city chap her whole life seemed to change,

An' through her face a color ran that looked amazin' strange.
Her very soul seemed peepin' forth whenever he was round,
An' sich a happy, cheerful girl, could nowhere else be found.
Well, me an' father watched it all in silence fer a spell,
Until the meanin', clear an' plain, we realized too well;
Then father gently spoke to her, an' she, with blushin' cheeks,
Confessed she loved this painter chap, an' hed for many weeks;
That he was noble, good, an' true, an' every inch a man,
An' in one mighty stream of love their lives together ran.
An' then she told us many things that filled us with surprise,
Her face aglow with happiness an' brightly shinin' eyes.

"She said that he was rich, an' great, an' hed a noble name,
That he, by all these paintin' whims, hed covered o'er with fame;

An' he would take her to his home an' make a lady grand
Of our poor, little, country gal, who once was rough an' tanned.
Then father, with a tremblin' voice—poor man! his heart was sore—

Jest told her, in a kindly tone, this man must come no more;
He'd only fool our darling one and lure her from her home,
Then cast her forth upon the world in friendlessness to roam.
She never said another word, but turned as cold as stone,

Then glided swiftly from the room, and we sot there alone!
 An' then this mornin' she was gone, with but this note to tell
 She'd gone to meet the city chap an' bid us both farewell.

"An' now you hev the story—'cept just a thing or two,
 Of how we hev no means to pay the mortgage, which is due;
 We, in a few short weeks, at most, must leave the dear old
 home,

With breaking hearts, an' wasted strength, in wretchedness to
 roam;

While she fer whom the debt was made has gone we know not
 where,

Although I fear her load of shame will be no less to bear.
 But we will al'ays pray fer her, and love her jest the same,
 Fer she was all we ever hed to bear our good old name.

'Tis but a little while, at most, that we must journey here,
 Before we reach that better land whose skies are *always* clear;
 An' then she'll know, when safe with us beyond all earthly
 harm,

Jest how we prayed an' mourned fer her upon the dear old
 farm.

* * * * *

"What's that you say, Miss Stebbins? 'Our Susie's safe and
 well?'"

An' that is jest the bit o' news you came around to tell?

An' married too? All safe, an' right, to one who loves her dear!—

Jest give me time to breathe a bit an' then I'll git it clear.

But what was that you said besides? I didn't seem to hear:

The mortgage is paid off at last? *The dear old farm is clear?*

That city chap has done it all, an' sent you on before

To break the news? then he will bring our Susie home once
 more?

Ah! here they are a-comin' now, with father by their side,

A gazin' up in Susie's face with happiness and pride!"

This life is full of crooks and turns, and many cruel snares,

But then, sometimes we entertain an angel, unawares.

—J. Russell Fisher.

"SOCKERY" SETTING A HEN.

MEESTER VERRIS: I see dot mosd efferpoty wrides something
 for de shicken bapars now tays, and I tought praps meppe I can
 do dot too, so I wride all apout vot took blace mit me lasht sum-
 mer: You know—oder uf you dond know, den I tells you—dot
 Katrina—(dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for

a long dime ago, un von tay she sait to me, "Sockery" (dot is me's name), "vy dond you put some uf de aigs under dot plue hen shickens? I dinks she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "mappee I gess I vill." So I bicked oud some uf de best aigs und dook um oud do de barn fere te olt hen make her neslit in de side uf de haymow, poud fife six veet up; now you see I nefer vas big up und town, but I vos pooty big all de vay around in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent und got a parrel do stant on; vell, I klimet me on de parrel, und ven my hed rise up by de nesht, dot olt hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all over my face mit blood, und ven I todge pack dot blasted olt parrel het break, und I vent down kershlam! Py cholly, I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel before, put dare I vos, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't get me oud efferway; my fest (vest) vas bushed vay up unter my arm-holes; ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler, "Katrina! Katrina!" Und ven she koom und see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood und aigs, by cholly, she chust lait down on de hay und laft and laft, till I got so mat I said: "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? vy dond you koom bull me oud?" Und she set up und said, "Oh, vipe off your chin und pull down you fest town?" Den she laid pack und laf like she vood shblit her side more as ever. Mat as I vos I thought to myself, she sbeak English booty goot, put I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude, "Katrina, vill you pull me oud dis parrel?" Und she see I look booty red, so she sait, "Of course I vill, Sockery." Den she laid me und de parrel town on our site, und I dook hold de door sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel; put de first bull she mate I yellet, "Donner und blitzen, shtop dot, py golly; *dere is nails in de parrel!*" You see de nails pent town ven I vent in, put ven I koom oud dey schticks in me all de vay rount. Vell, to make a short story long, I dold Katrina to go und dell napor Hansman to pring a saw und saw me dis parrel off; vell, he koom, und he like to shblit himself mit laf, too, put he roll me ofer und saw de parrel all de vay rount off, und I git up mit half around my vaist; den Katrina she say, "Sockery, vait a liddle till I git a battern of dot new ofer-skirt you haf on. Put I didn't said a vort. I shust got a nife oud und vittle hoops off und shling dot confountet old parrel in de voot pile.

Pimeby ven I koom in de house, Katrina she sait, soft like, "Sockery, dond you goin' to but some aigs under dot blue hen?" Den I sait, in my deepest voice, "Katrina, uf you effer say dot to me again I'll get a bill from you, help me chiminey gracious!" Und I dell you she didn't say dot any more. Vell, Mr. Verris, ven I step on a parrel now I dond step on it, I get a pox. Werry drooly yours,

SOCKERY KADAHUT.

GARFIELD'S RIDE AT CHICKAMAUGA.

Again the summer fevered skies
The breath of autumn calms;
Again the golden moons arise
On harvest-happy farms.
The locusts pipe, the crickets sing
Among the falling leaves,
And wandering breezes sigh, and bring
The harp-notes of the sheaves.

Peace smiles upon the hills and dells,
Peace smiles upon the seas,
And drop the notes of happy bells
Upon the fruited trees.
The broad Missouri stretches far
Her commerce-gathering arms,
And multiply on Arkansaw
The grain encumbered farms.

Old Chattanooga, crowned with green,
Sleeps 'neath her walls in peace;
The Argo has returned again,
And brings the golden fleece.
O, nation, free from sea to sea,
In union blessed forever,
Fair be their fame who fought for thee
By Chickamauga river.

The autumn winds were pining low
Beneath the vine-clad eaves;
We heard the hollow bugle blow
Among the ripened sheaves.
And fast the mustering squadron passed
Through mountain portals wide,
And swift the blue brigades were massed
By Chickamauga's tide.

It was the Sabbath, and in awe
We heard the dark hills shake,
And o'er the mountain turrets saw
The smoke of battle break.
And 'neath that war-cloud gray and grand,
The hills o'erchanging low,
The army of the Cumberland,
Unequal met the foe.

Again, O, fair September night,
Beneath the moon and stars,
I see through memories dark and bright

The altar-fires of Mars.
The morning breaks with screaming guns
From batteries dark and dire,
And where the Chickamauga runs
Red runs the musket's fire.

I see bold Longstreet's darkening host
Sweep through our lines of flame,
And hear again, "The right is lost!"
Swart Rosecrans exclaim.
"But not the left," young Garfield cries;
"From that we must not sever,
While Thomas holds the field that lies
On Chickamauga river!"

Oh, on that day of clouded gold,
How, half of hope bereft,
The canoneers, like Titans, rolled
Their thunder on the left!
I see the battle clouds again,
With glowing autumn's splendor blending,
It seemed as if the gods with men
Were on Olympian heights contending.

Through tongues of flame, through meadows brown,
Dry valley roads concealed,
Ohio's hero rushes down
Upon the rebel field.
And swift on reeling charger borne,
He threads the wooded plain,
By twice an hundred cannon mown,
And reddened with the slain.

But past the swathes of carnage dire,
The Union guns he hears,
And gains the left, begirt with fire,
And thus the hero cheers—
"While stands the left, yon flag o'erhead,
Shall Chattanooga stand!"
"Let the Napoleons rain their lead!"
Was Thomas's command.

Back swept the gray brigades of Bragg,
The air with victory rung,
And Wurzel's "Rally Round the Flag!"
'Mid Union cheers was sung,
The flag on Chattanooga's height
In twilight's crimson waved.
And all the clustered stars of white
Were to the Union saved.

O, chief of staff, the nation's fate
That red field crossed with thee,
The triumph of the camp and state,
The hope of liberty!
O, nation, free from sea to sea,
With Union blessed forever,
Not vainly heroes fought for thee
By Chickamauga river!

In dreams I stand beside the tide,
Where those old heroes fell.
Above the valleys long and wide,
Sweet rings the Sabbath bell.
I hear no more the bugle blow,
As on that fateful day,
I hear the ring-dove flutter low,
Where shaded waters stray.

On Mission Ridge the sunlight streams
Above the fields of fall,
And Chattanooga calmly dreams
Beneath her mountain wall.
Old Lookout Mountain towers on high,
As in heroic days,
When 'neath the battle in the sky
Were seen its summit's blaze.

'Twas ours to lay no garlands fair,
Upon the graves "unknown."
Kind nature sets her gentians there,
And fall the sere leaves lone.
Those heroes' graves no shaft of Mars
May mark with beauty ever.
But floats the flag of forty stars
By Chickamauga river.

—*Hezekiah Butterworth.*

UNCLE TOM AND THE HORNETS.

There is an old woman down town who delights to find a case that all the doctors have failed to cure and then go to work with herbs and roots and strange things and try to effect at least an improvement. A few days ago she got hold of a girl with a stiff neck, and she offered an old negro named Uncle Tom Kelly fifty cents to go to the woods and bring her a hornet's nest. This was to be steeped in vinegar and applied to the neck. The old man spent several days along the Holden road, and

yesterday morning he secured his prize and brought it home in a basket. When he reached the Central Market he had a few little purchases to make, and after getting some few articles at a grocery, he placed his basket on a barrel near the stove and went out to look for a beef bone.

It was a dull day for trade. The grocer sat by the stove rubbing his bald head. His clerk stood at the desk balancing accounts, and three or four men lounged around talking about the new party that is to be founded on the ruins of the falling ones. It was a serene hour. One hundred and fifty hornets had gone to roost in that nest for the winter. The genial atmosphere began to limber them up. One old veteran opened his eyes, rubbed his legs, and said it was the shortest winter he had ever known in all his hornet days. A second shook off his lethargy and seconded the motion, and in five minutes the whole nest was alive and its owners were ready to sail out and investigate. You don't have to hit a hornet with the broadside of an ax to make him mad. He's mad all over all the time, and he doesn't care a picayune whether he tackles a humming-bird or an elephant.

The grocer was telling one of the men that he and General Grant were boys together, when he gave a sudden start of surprise. This was followed by several other starts. Then he jumped over a barrel of sugar and yelled like a Pawnee. Some smiled, thinking he was after a funny climax, but it was only a minute before a solemn old farmer jumped three feet high and came down to roll over a job lot of washboards. Then the clerk ducked his head and made a rush for the door. He didn't get there. One of the other men who had been looking up and down to see what could be the matter, felt suddenly called upon to go home. He was going at the rate of forty miles an hour when he collided with the clerk, and they rolled on the floor. There was no use to tell the people in that store to move on. They couldn't tarry to save 'em. They all felt that the rent was too high, and that they must vacate the premises. A yell over by the cheese box was answered by a war-whoop from the showcase. A howl from the kerosene barrel near the back door was answered by wild gestures around the show window.

The crowd went out together. Uncle Tom was just coming in with his beef bone. When a larger body meets a smaller one, the larger body knocks it into the middle of next week. The old man lay around in the slush until everybody had stepped on him all they wanted to, and then he sat up and asked:

"Hev dey got the fiah all put out yit?"

Some of the hornets sailed out of doors to fall by the wayside, and others waited around on tops of barrels and baskets and

jars to be slaughtered. It was half an hour before the last one was disposed of, and then Uncle Tom walked in, picked up the nest, and said:

"Mebbe dis will cure the stiffness in dat gal's neck jist the same, but I tell you I'ze got banged, an' bumped, an' sot down on till it will take a hull medical college all winter long to git me so I kin jump off a street kyar!"—*Detroit Free Press*.

THE PILOT'S STORY.

My name is Andy Mitchell. I was pilot o' the Belle,
A little steamer runnin' in the Mississippi trade,
An' I want to bet the parson that the tale I'm goin' ter tell,
For the thing he calls religion throws his preachin' in the shade.

'Cause ef doin' unto others ez ye'd hev them do ter you
Is the kind o' foolish doctrine thet the Savior kem ter teach,
Brown, the first mate, learned the lesson long afore he'd seed a Jew,
Though he's never bin to meetin' fer ter hear a parson preach.

It was one dark night in winter, 'we was runnin' up the stream,
I was standin' in the wheel-house an' a lookin' out ahead,
When I felt the boat a tremblin', an' I heard the rush o' steam,
While the river in a minute seemed a blazin' in its bed.

Wall, I knowed, boys, in a minute what hed happened just as well

Ez ef I'd bin a sittin' on ther boiler when it bust,
An' my mind was paintin' pictures o' the parson's brimstone hell,

But the fire kim creepin' closer, and I thought et time ter dust.

To the guard I quick skedaddled an' I saw thar Mr. Brown
Wi' two leetle gals a clingin' an' a sobbin' on his breast,
An' I heerd him say, "Don't worry, fer ye ain't a goin' to drown;

God jest sent me here ter save ye, fer he knew I'd do my best."

I was takin' care o' Andy an' I didn't wait ter hear
How the fust mate meant ter save 'em, but then save 'em, boys,
he did,

Though the mystery, ez I call et, never came out very clear;
But ther gals, I kind o' reckon, did exact ez they were bid.

Is Brown livin'? No, not 'zactly. When we found him et the dawn

He were lyin' wi' his face hid in the river's marshy sedge,
An' the children, little angels, wi' their faces white and wan,
Were a restin' just above him on the river's grassy edge.

How'd they come thar? Wall ter guess et let me sum the case up thus:

Brown took them little children in his arms an' swam ashore,
Laid 'em on the bank above him, an' then realized, the cuss,
'Thet he'd used up all his mussle an' he hedn't got no more.

Not enough to climb up arter an' between thur reeds an' sand
Arms an' legs became entangled an' he somehow lost his breath,

Then the waters closed about him ez he lay thar clus ter land,
And he herd the tranqui' harpstrings, an' he felt the tuch o' Death.

Oh, the children! Why, Lord bless ye, they kim round again all right,

An' thar's one o' them that's married, an' the others teachin' school.

Ez fer Brown, he's soundly sleepin' 'neath a heap o' marble white,

Lost his life fer thet durn nonsense Parson calls, "The Golden Rule."
—*R. L. Cary, Jr.*

WHY THE BAD BOY WAS SUSPENDED.

There was quite a sceen last nite when I got home. I was put in the care of the conductor—the profesur's last words were, "Conductor, kepe a sharp eye on that yungster; he's a dredful hard case. I had to xpell him from my Academy;" so when he come to punch my ticket he sorter luffed.

"What did you do to get xpelled, little chap?" he asked me. "You look as incent as a lamb," he added. "I should not gess you were such a wicked felloe," and he patted me on the back.

"I did a hole lot of dredful things, sir," I ansered him. "I was a grate xpense to the profesur in wigs, but it was always a acksident—I never did things a purpus, never—it was gust my luck—I am very unlucky, sir," I added, with a depe si. "It was the last acksident I did that broke the camel's back—that's Mrs. Pitkins."

"Well," said he, "when I've been through the trane I'll come back an you can tell me how it was."

So he came back an sat down in tother half the sete.

"Should you think, sir," said I, "they would xpell a little boy—a reel, nice, good little boy—gust for hooking a small piece of raw pi-crust out of the cook's pantry?"

"Well, no," said he, kind of thotful.

"They did," said I. "Oll I did in the world was to take a peace bout as big as my 2 fists—it wouldn't make more'n 1 dride appul pi Mrs. Pitkins thinks is helthy for children. I carrid it up to my room, cos the profesur was going to leckture on phisology down in the villidge that evening for the caws of the he-then, Mrs. Pitkins would be alone, so I woched my oppourtuny when she was in the kichen telling cook not to waste eg in the codfish for brekfast, I put the pi-crust all over my face like I was a pi, and jabbed a hole, like cook does, where my mouth was; then I slipped into Mrs. Pitkins' room an got upon a chair in the corner with a shete'rapped around me, coming down to the flore; it was dark in there, so she came in with a lamp in her hand, witch shone direckly on the gost—she gave a shreek an run. All would have gone well an no harm done, only the silly woman let go the lamp, which made a grease-spot on the carpet and set her dress on fire. She would have been severely burnd, only Jack Bunce put his overcote around her in the hall, so she gust got a blister on her hand, but her dress was spoilt—it was a new one—and the frite brot on histericks offul, which she says she sees planely why mother sent me off to school, but she wouldn't kepe me knot for 10,000 dollars in gold. I was sory about her dress, so I gave her my five dollar gold-peace to by her another. She refused it. She said the dress would be put down in the bill. O dere, dere! what will papa say when he sees the bill? I've had so many acksidents! I'm olways in hot woter!

"Mr. Condukter, don't you nede a boy about my size to seli papers on the trane, or ham-sandwiches, or prize candy? I'd like to be abul to sport myself, I've cost so much for damages."

He sade that job was sold to a bigger boy.

"An now, my little chap," says he, "you remane quietly in your sete. Here's a ilstrated paper to look at. By and by I will see how you are getting along agane."

I thanked him very polite. So, gust as he went in the next car, the boy came along with prize candy. I bought 4 pak-kages, and gave him a dollar. I had been thinking I would try the bizness. As soon as he was out of site I gumped up and went down the isle calling out "prize candy," like he did. Fokes smiled, but nobody buyed; so I opened the door an stepped out on the platform to try the next car.

It was offul windy, an I gess the cars joggled too much, for the next thing I knew I was skrambling out of a snow-bank. My ears were full of snow, so was my mouth—you never see!

There was the trane most out of sight, cutting along like a thousand of brick, an I oll alone out in a field.

Miss Haven she cride when I went away from school, an give me a peace of cake to eat on the way; it was in my pokkit, so I ate it then. It tasted offul good. So I had one pakkage prize candy left I was still holding onto; I thought I would eat that, then if I had to starve to death, it would not be so hard, when I was cirprised to see the trane a coming along backwards, like a crab. It made me laff; and there was the condukter, an oll the brakesmen, an the engineer, an fireman, oll leaning over looking for the peaces, and the windoes open, with the passengers' heds stuck out, Bout 200 people got out when the trane stoped.

The condukter was pale as a gost, but when he saw me eting prize candy he flue into a fereful pashun.

"Get a board!" said he. "I've lost 10 minnits! Get a bord, you little imp! What for did you play us such a trick?"

"I'm offul sorry, sir," said I; "I wont do it agane if I can help it I didn't mene to; it was not me, it was the car—it juggled so."

He husseled me on bord, where I had a sereus time with the ladies a crying over me and a feeling of my limbs to see if I was broke. I had to give up all thoughts of the prize bizness for the present, but I am resolved to do somethin to sport myself if I mete with any more acksidents.

You see, deré diry, I didn't dare tell the conдуктор what I reely was xpelled for, coz he mite bleve I did it on purpose. No boy but a very, very bad boy would purposely send a impurtnent Valentine to a lady like Mrs. Pitkins. The one I rote to Miss Haven had 2 duvs on it, an said:

"I shall try to improve and become oll that you wish, from your loving little friend, Georgie."

Mrs. Pitkins got one, which said:

"The rose is red,
The violets blue,
Pickles are sour,
And so are you."

May be Jack sent it, but she said the riting was mine. She didn't care about the valentine; that was nothing. What she made a fuss about was this; Some boy had put a peace of mete on a large fish-hook, and fed her maltese cat, witch she wouldn't a cared so much about, only he had gone fishin in her glass globe, and cot all her gold-fish, witch she could have stood if he hadn't gone skating Sunday afternoon, an' skated into an air-hole, so that he was brethless when they got him out, and made such a mess with his wet close, she said her nerves were getting in a sad condishun. She was worn out. She really couldn't

stand it—speshally when the very next day he blacked his face and hands with ink, got the kitchen broom, and tried to go up the sitting-room chimbley, and fell down and bumped his head a bump as big as a goose egg, which she would have forgot and forgivn if he hadn't pinned a peace of paper on her back, on witch was wrote: "This is the camel's back the last straw broke." But that was only fun, and she wouldn't have minded it if she had not noticed that he had cut all the queer birds out of the dicshunary, and made a long row of them on the wall behind his bed, so he would have something to amuse him when he waked up urly, witch made him brake the profesur's gold-bowed specktikels, putting them on the owl in the library, so they tumbled off; besides getting a friteful habit of coffing zactly like the profesur—only when he was sent to her room to study his geograpy better, he got her nite-cap and nite-gown, and put them on Towser, making him howl so he run away and dragged them all around the villedge.

So, when the conductkter came round agane, he had got over being mad about the trane losing time. My! Didn't the old thing fly! But I thot best not to menshun the above, so he said:

"Little chap, it's mity lucky you fell in a snow-bank. You couldn't do that twice. I gess you were born to be hanged."

So I told him about the time I ran away in the frate car, an the brakeman was so kind.

"If they are cross at home cos I've come back, I'm going to let you know, Mr. Conductkter," said I. "I will live with you."

"You will have a tite time," said he; "I'm an old bachelor."

"So much the better," said I; "your wife won't be around to bother us. My sisters are real nice, bright, stylish girls, but they don't make allowance for boys. They won't let me play ball in the parlor when it's raining, or amuse myself like I ought to. They would like to stick me down in a wax chare, so I couldn't get up. Say, Mr. Conductkter, did your girl give you the mitten, the reason you're an old bachelor?"

He side and looked sad. Pretty soon he bitened up and asked me would my sisters be down to the deppo to meet me. I didn't kno, so I didn't anser him.

"I would like a glimpse of them," he said. "You are most there, little chap."

Something got into my throte like it was a bone. I looked egerly out, when I saw the sign over Peter's grocey, an' the switchman with the wooden leg, an' the deppo, I would have cride if I had not whinked the teres back hard. Mr. Conductkter stood by the steps to see me safe off, and there was Sue looking offal sweet in a stunning hat and sele skin cloke, and Bess gust perfectly lovly, ready to hug an' kiss me, crying out:

"Oh, Georgie, you notty, bad, dere, deliteful boy, let me get at you!"

So I said:

"Mr. Conductkter, these are my sisters, but they are both engaged. I'm sorry for you; good-by; call an' see us. I'm much obliged. Ain't my sisters jolly?" an' he touched his cap an' luffed, an' the engineer, an' brakesmen, an' everybody they cride, "Hurrah! good-by, little Georgie!" witch was very polite of 'em all.

Betty was down to the deppo, to, laffing an' crying like a goos:

"We've missed you dredful, Master Georgie; it's bin fereful quite with no Bad Boy to kepe us bissy."

"Indede it has," added Sue; "we've killed the fatted calf for our returned prodigy—it's all cooked an' on the tabel wait-in',"—but it was not veal, after all, but roste turky with curent jelly, fride oysters, cold ham, floting iland, cake, presurves—such a spread. I et as if I had had nothing but dry apple pi since I left home; only papa looked soillumly over the profes-sur's bill, and mamma turned very pale when I was telling the doctor how I got blowed offen the trane. Doctor Moore was very glad to see me, to; so was my squirl, he takes tea to our house offen, 'cause he an' Sue are going to get married in the spring.

After supper papa said:

"Georgie, I want you to turn over a new leef; you're getting older every day; try not to make so many mistakes; think *twice* before you act *once*"—so the door was going to shut on the dog's tail, an' he said, "Catch it, Georgie," but I waited to think twice, which was death on the dog's tail.

The docktor says when I grow up I shall study medicine in his offis. His wallet what he kepes his medicine in was in his overcote pokkit in the hall, an' I thot it was a good chance to begin to be a doctor, so I took some white powder out of a little vial an' give a tiny bit to my squirl. I buried him this afternoon—Johnny came to the funeral.

Oh, how nete and pleasant my own room looks! How sweet my dremes last night! Betty is fatter than ever—she is a most obliging girl. My hart is full. I mene to try never, never to do rong agane so long as I live and brethe, so good-nite, my diry.

N. B.—Johnny an' I took Sue's work-box, the doctor give her Christmas, to bury my squirl in. I xpect Sue will not like it, but poor Bunny had to have a coughin. It made a lovely coughin.—*Extract from a "A Bad Boy's Diary." Sold by all dealers for 50 cents, one of the most humurous books of the age.*

TOO LATE.

Whist, sir! Would ye plaise to speak aisy,
 And sit ye down there by the dure?
 She sleeps, sir, so light and so restless,
 She hears every step on the flure.
What ails her? God knows! She's been weakly
 For months, and the heat dh rives her wild;
 The summer has wasted and worn her
 Till she's only the ghost of a child.

All I have? Yes, she is, and God help me!
 I'd three little darlints beside,
 As purty as iver ye see, sir,
 But wan by wan dhrooped like, and died.
 What was it that tuk them, ye're asking?
 Why, poverty, sure, and no doubt;
 They perished for food and fresh air, sir,
 Like flower dhried up in a drought.

'Twas dreadful to lose them? Ah, was it!
 It seemed like my heart-strings would break!
 But there's days when wid want and wid sorrow,
 I'm thankful they're gone, for their sake.
Their father? well, sir, saints forgive me!
 It's a foul tongue that lowers its own;
 But what wid the sthrikes and the liquor,
 I'd better be strugglin' alone.

Do I want to kape this wan? The darlint!
 The last and dearest of all!
 Shure, you're never a father yourself, sir,
 Or you wouldn't be askin' at all.
 What is that? Milk and food for the baby!
 A docthor and medicine free!
 You're huntin' out all the sick children,
 An' poor, toilin' mothers, like me?

God bless you and thim that have sent you!
 A new life you've given me, so.
 Shure, sir, won't you look in the cradle
 At the colleen you've saved, 'fore you go?
 Oh, mother o' mercies! have pity!
 Oh, darlint, why couldn't you wait?
 Dead! dead! an' the help in the dure-way!
 Too late! oh, my baby! Too late!

—Anna I. Ruth.

DORTS, THE MASON.

Jeanie, what was yon the minister was saying?
 I kept the grip o' it while he was praying,
 Saying it o'er and o'er a score o' times,
 Though it got mixed wi' tags of idle rhymes,
 Until a shower o' texts came plash like rain,
 And fairly washed it clean oot o' my brain.

Folk telling him that he is grand at praying,
 He prays till ane forgets what he's been saying,
 Prays you stupid wi' a thing that's like a sermon,
 Dripping what wi' texts as wi' the dews o' Hermon.
 O, they spoil a minister wi' silly praises,
 O, a' his paintit words and dainty phrases.

'Twas something aboot faith and work. Let's see—
 Ye're gleg at reading, lass, and weel may be;
 Ye had rare schooling, I had almost none,
 But gnaw a book as dog will gnaw a bone;
 Look it up now, and let me see 't in print—
 How that book smells yet o' your mother's mint.

She was a woman! O, that ye may be
 To some one what your mother was to me!
 And yet I never told her, hardly said
 Ae kindly word to her; and now she's dead
 Wae's me! Could I but see her for a minute,
 And show my heart to her, and a' that's in it!

There, that's it, lass; and are ye sure it's Paul?
 "We're saved by faith, and no by works at all."
 Read it again; it clean dumbfounders me!
 Hand me my specs; unless my own eyes see
 The very words, I will be bold to doubt it,
 And even then I'll ha'e my thoughts about it.

Ay! there it is as plain as print can make it,
 God's very word, and naught on earth can shake it;
 Yet doubt in me grew fast as down frae thistle;
 I learnt the trick o't ere I learnt to whistle;
 Surely my mind must ha'e some kind o' thraw,
 For I could ne'er believe the half I saw.

But for my work, I'll stand to it that none
 Could do a better job in hewing stone,
 Or building either, from a dry stane dyke
 Up to a kirk and steeple, or the like;
 And is it nothing that I wrought wi' burr,
 But couldna swear ay by the minister?

I never hammered stone, until I saw
Into its heart, and kent its inmost law;
For stones, too, ha'e their way, and they maun be
Humored, like women, each in its degree;
But all my work I did wi' heart and might,
Till even the whinstones knew they must go right.

There's the new brig, 'twill stand as sure's the Bank;
The water-works—'twas I that dammed the tank
Among the hills—it never leaked a gill;
Did not Sir How himsel' uphaud my skill
And work, and vow that he was proud to call
The man his friend that planned and made it all?

My work was true as plummet, line, and rule
Could make it, though I had but little school,
And never could believe the half I saw;
I never plastered up an ugly flaw.
God's work is good, I said, and so is mine,
Right human work, and therefore like divine.

But look just at the kirk that Bailie Clyne
Robbed them to build, and then compare it wi' mine;
A bonnie elder he! to sit and look,
In the front loft, upon his gilt-clasped book!
How could I gang to kirk, and him sae crouse,
Smirking at me in yon ramshackle hooss?

I'm dying. Yes; but would you have me speak
What is not true, because my breath comes weak?
O, he believes, of course, whate'er he's bid,
Then taps his finger on his snuff-box lid;
But for his work they'll find it oot some day,
And sorry I'm that I shall be away.

Just bide a wee; some wastland wind, I'm thinking,
Will gar yon steeple reel, as 't had been drinking;
Will they say then that faith which does not work
Will save a man, although he cheat the kirk?—
My end is near? forgiveness now is best!
Why should the end no' be like all the rest?

He's to be provost, set him up! I hear
He's ta'en the crown o' the causeway many a year,
And drives his coach, and now he's all the vogue—
A ruling elder, yet the loon's a rogue;
I tell ye, even in heaven if he should find me,
I'd take my hat, and bang the door behind me.

Draw up the blind; it's growing unco' dim.
Read me a psalm—we'll say no more of him—
A good strong psalm about the evil-doers
Whom for awhile the righteous one endures;
Surely yon's not the sun that looks so dark,
Nor that the singing o' the evening lark.

What was I saying? Is this death at length,
The strong one gripping at my failing strength?
Well, my job's done—I'll lay my tools aside;
And there's your mother, all my joy and pride,
She's made the hearth neat, and the fire looks bright;
It's growing dark, but she'll ha'e a' thing right.

—*Good Words.*

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Wake up, wife!—the black cloak of night begins to fade,
And far in the East the morning his kitchen fire has made;
And he is heatin' red-hot his stove of iron gray,
And stars are winkin' and blinkin' before the light of day.

Mind you what I was doin', just fifty years ago?—
Brushin' my Sunday raiment, and puttin' my best looks on;
Clothin' myself in courage, so none my fright would see;
An' my coward heart within, the while, was poundin' to get
free.

Ten mile wood and bramble, an' three mile field an' dew,
In the cold smile of morning, I walked to marry you,
No horse had I but my wishes—no pilot but a star;
But my boyish heart, it fancied it heard you from afar.'

So through the woods I hurried, an' through the grass an' dew,
An' little I thought o' tiring, the whole of my journey through;
Things ne'er before nor after do so a man rejoice.
As on the day he marries the woman of his choice.

And then our country wedding—brim full o' grief an' glee,
With every one a-pettin'—an' jokin' you an' me;
The good cheer went an' came; wife, as it sometimes has done,
When clouds have chased each other across the summer sun,

There was your good old father, dressed up in weddin' shape,
With all the homespun money finery that he coul rake and
scrape;

And your dear-hearted mother, the sunlight of whose smile
Shone through the showers of tear-drops that stormed her face
the while.

Also your sisters an' brothers, who hardly seemed to know
How they could scare up courage to let their sister go;
An' cousins an' school house comrades, dressed up in meetin'
trim,

With one o' them a-sulkin' because it wasn't him.

An' there was the good old parson, his neck all dressed in
white,

A bunch o' texts in his left hand, a hymn-book in his right;
An' the parson's virgin daughter, plain and severely pure,
Who hoped we should be happy, but wasn't exactly sure.

An' there was the victuals, seasoned with kind regard and love,
And holly wreaths, with breast-pins of rubies as above ;
An' there was my heart a-wonderin' as how such things could be,
An' there was the world before us, an' there was you and me.

Wake up, wife! that gold bird, the sun, has come in sight,
And on the tree-top perches to take his daily flight;
He is not old and feeble, and he will sail away,
As he has done so often since fifty years to-day.

You know there's company comin'—our daughters and our
sons;

There's John, an' James, an' Lucy, an' all their little ones.;
An' Jennie, she will be here, who in her grave doth lie,
(Provided company ever can come from out the sky.)

An' Sam—I am not certain as he will come or not;
They say he is a black sheep—the wildest of the lot,
Before a son's dishonor, a father's love stands dumb;
But still, somehow or other, I hope that Sam will come.

The tree bends down its branches to its children from above.
The son is lord of the father, and rules him with his love;
And he will e'er be longed for, though far they be apart,
For the drop of blood he carries, that came from the father's
heart.

Wake you, wife! the loud sun has roused the sweet daylight,
And she has dressed herself up in red and yellow and white;
She has dressed herself for us, wife—for our weddin' day once
more—

And my soul to-day is younger than ever it was before.

THE DIME DIAMOND.

“ I won't take pay for shinin',
And when you go this way
I'll leave off pitchin' pennies
To make *your* boots look gay.

"Don't know you? Don't I though!
Why, can't you mind the day,
Two years ago, you took me down
That cellar 'cross the way!

"Wasn't I cold and hungry!
The old uns had just died;
I told you so and was afraid
You might have thought I lied.

"I've stared at every man I've met
To try and pick you out;
I'm awful glad you turned and stopped—
Lor', didn't I run and shout!

"I've got them shoes you bought me—
I shine 'em every night.
Wear 'em? Oh, no, not now, sir;
I've grown so they're too tight.

"But I wouldn't sell or swap 'em;
I'd rather give 'em a rub
Than have a dozen ten-cent jobs
Or the bulliest kind of grub.

"I wondered why you cried so
When you led me by the hand,
And said how happy some one was,
Off in a better land.

"Now I know the reason why
You stroked me on the head
And said, 'Poor little tow-pate'—
You meant a chap wot's dead.

"Why, bcss, you're crying again—
I'm sorry as I spoke;
I ought to get a punching,
I'm such a gabby bloke."

* * * * *

"Next Sunday, did you say, sir?
Oh, yes, I'll be in time;
I'll wash myself and fix my duds—
But you take back this dime."

—*Thos. A. Gere.*

COME, AND BRING THE CHILDREN TOO.

It was a cold and windy morn, and while the sun shone bright,
 It glittered on long icicles, and cast a brilliant light
 Upon the surface of the snow, until it seemed to lie
 A sheet of sparkling, diamond gems beneath the wintry sky.
 In the door-way of a farm-house stood a matron, bright and
 gay,
 Ready to welcome those who filled a fast approaching sleigh.
 Parents and children, all were kissed; then to the warmth
 inside
 They gayly ran, with bonnie smiles, unchecked by their cold
 ride.

"Dear mother, here I am, you see!" exclaimed the daughter's
 voice.

"When Christmas comes, the only place in which I can rejoice
 Is underneath my mother's roof, where once I used to dwell.
 There is no spot in all the world that I can love so well.
 My children strangely think the same, from Minnie to the
 boys;

It seems a shame to bother you with all their fun and noise,
 But, mother all the year around they long so much to come,
 That I can never run away and leave the children home."

"Why, Mary, don't apologize; remember what I say,
 I always wish the children to come each Christmas day.
 I love to hear their merry shouts resound through room and
 hall;

Their joyful laughs disturb me not, so come and bring them
 all.

To make the darlings happy, I have worked with might and
 will;

There are mince pies and light doughnuts, their little mouths
 to fill.

A country turkey dinner will give their hearts delight,
 While a tree bowed down by loving gifts stands ready for to-
 night."

"But, mother, as the years roll by, and you grow gray and
 old,

These noisy little folks, I know, must surely then be told,
 'Though grandma loves them all the same, they might do her a
 harm,

So Christmas must be kept at home and not upon the farm.

But yet, *for me*, it will be hard, as where young children stay,
 Their mother surely should be found, to make a pleasant day.

When here, where my young hours were spent, I seem a child
 again;

But you ought not to be so taxed, their noise might give you pain."

"Stop, Mary, stop! My soul would yearn to have you all with me.

The heart that loves not children must very wicked be.
As I grow old, I shall not change, so bring your girls and boys,
Remembering that I love them so, I shall not mind their noise.
Why, child, how strange this house would seem, if when this
day came round,

No 'Merry Christmas, grandmamma,' should through the rooms
resound!

My heart would surely languish, if each face I could not view;
So come each Christmas while I live, and bring the children
too!"

—*Mrs. John W. Schenck (Mrs. Emily Thornton.)*

NOT A LINE IN THE PAPER THAT NOBODY READS.

The editor sat in his chair alone—
A busier person there never was known—
When in came a farmer, a jolly old soul,
Whose name for long years had been on the roll
Of paying subscribers. He had come into town
To bring his good wife and some farm produce down,
And having a moment or two he could spare
Had run in as usual, to bring in a share
Of his own inward sunshine, to lighten the gloom
Of the man at the press and dull cheerless room.
The editor's smile, as he lifted his eyes
And saw who was there, was of joyful surprise:
And he greeted his friend with a deal of glad zest,
For a good chat with him was like taking a rest.

* * * * *

When at length the old farmer got ready to leave,
He said, with a sly laugh in his sleeve,
"My dear friend, there is one thing I just want to say—
Now please don't get vexed, for you know it's my way—
But what makes you put in each paper you print
So much that is worthless—do you take the hint?
Well—petty misfortunes—and little misdeeds—
And lots of small matters that nobody reads."
The editor looked at him square in the face,
At first with a frown, then a smile took its place.
"My dear friend," he replied, "I'm surprised you don't
know

Every line in the paper is read—but it's so;
 And now, if you wish, I'll make my words good,
 And prove what I say, as every man should.
 I'll put in the very next paper a line
 Or two about you—in coarse print or fine,
 Which you choose, and just where you may say,
 And if you don't find on the very next day
 That your neighbors all read it, I promise to give
 Free subscription to you, just as long as you live."
 "Agreed," said the farmer; "you shall sing a new song;
 Put it right in the middle of one of those long
 Fine-type advertisements—I never yet knew
 Any person of sense to read one of those through;
 If I hear from it twice, I will bring down to you
 The best load of garden sauce I ever grew."
 Then the "good days" were passed, and the farmer went
 out,

And the editor laughed to himself without doubt,
 As he thought of his wager and how it would end,
 And the nice little joke he would have on his friend.
 Then he wrote just two lines, and he ordered them set
 In the smallest of type—thinking, "I'll win the bet."
 And he placed them himself, to be sure and not fail,
 In the midst of a close agate real estate sale.
 For, to better succeed in his little designs,
 He'd selected a place where to put these two lines
 And have them connect with what followed and make
 A sentence complete in itself, without break.
 These the lines that he wrote: "Our old friend, good
 James True,

Who is one of the best men the world ever knew,
 Of the well known Hope Farm"—that was all he said
 About James, but the next line between these two read
 "Will be sold very cheap"—then went on to unfold
 The beauties and bounds of the estate to be sold.
 The paper was printed. The next day but one,
 The farmer came in with his eyes full of fun;
 "You've won," he began, "just as sure's you're born.
 Why, before I'd got breakfast ate yesterday morn,
 Two or three of my neighbors called, purpose to see
 What that meant in the paper they saw about me.
 (I hadn't seen it yet.) Then, during the day,
 Every neighbor that met me had something to say
 About my being sold. I was sold very cheap,
 And you did it well, too; it was too good to keep,
 So I've told the whole story, and come with all speed
 To bring you the garden sauce as I agreed."

The editor looked from his seat and saw
 His friend had brought in all his horses could draw,
 All for him; he declined to accept it but found
 That his friend would not listen, and was off with a bound,
 Saying, cheerily, as he went out—"In your next
 Just say Jim True's preaching, and this is the text:
 There is naught in the paper—fruit, flowers, or weeds—
 Not a line in the paper that nobody reads."

A APELE FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT.

O Sextant of the meetinouse which sweeps
 And dusts, or is supposed to! and makes fiers,
 And lites the gas, and sometimes leaves a screw loose,
 In which case it smels orful—wus than lampile:
 And wrings the Bel and toles it, and sweeps paths;
 And for these servases gits \$100 per annum;
 Wich them that thinks deer let em try it;
 Gittin up before starlite in all wethers, and
 Kindlin fiers when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlins,
 (I wouldn't be hierd to do it for no some;)
 But But o Sextant there are one kermody
 Wuth more than gold which don't cost nuthin;
 Wuth more than anything except the Sole of Man!
 I mean pewer Are, Sextant, I mean pewer Are!
 O it is plenty out o dores, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flize about
 Scaterin leaves and bloin off men's hats;
 In short its jest as free as Are out dores;
 But O Sextant! in our church its scarce as piety,
 Scarce as bankbils when ajunts beg for mishuns,
 Wich sum say is purty often, taint nothing to me,
 What i give aint nothin to nobody; but O Sextant!
 You shet 500 men women and children
 Speshily the latter, up in a tite place,
 Some has bad brethls, none of em aint too sweet,
 Sum is fevery, sum is scroflus, sum has bad teeth
 And sum haint none, and sum aint over clean;
 But every one of em brethes in and out and out and in
 Say 50 times a minnet, or 1 million and a half brethls an hour;
 Now how long will a cherch full of are last at that rate?
 I ask you; say 15 minnets, and then what's to be did?
 Why then they must brethe it all over agin,
 And then agin and so on, til each has took it down
 At least 10 times and let it up again, and whats more

The same indivisible doant hev the privilege
 Of brethin his own are and no ones else,
 Each one must take wotever comes to him.
 O Sextant! doant you know our lungs is bellusses
 To blo the fier of life and keep it from
 Going out; and how can bellusses blo without wind?
 And aint wind are? I put it to your konshens.
 Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
 Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
 Or roots and airbs unto an Injun Doctor,
 Or little pills unto an omeopath,
 Or Boze to gurls. Are is for us to brethe.
 What signifies who preaches ef I cant brethe?
 Whats Pol! Whats Pollus to sinners who are ded?
 Ded for want of breth! why Sextant when we dye
 Its only coz we cant berthe no more—thats all.
 And now o Sextant! let me beg of you
 To let a leetle are into our cherch;
 (Pewer are is sartin proper for the pews.)
 And dew it week days and on Sundys tew—
 It aint much trubble—only make a hoal
 And then the are will come in of itself,
 (It loves to come in where it can git warm.)
 And o how it will rounze the people up
 And sperrit up the preecher, and stop garps
 And yorns and fijjits as effectool
 As wind on the dry Boans the Profit tels
 Of.

—A. Gasper.

“AWFULLY LOVELY” PHILOSOPHY.

A few days ago a Boston girl, who had been attending the School of Philosophy at Concord, arrived in Brooklyn on a visit to a seminary chum. After canvassing thoroughly the fun and gum-drops that made up their education in the seat of learning at which their early scholastic efforts were made, the Brooklyn girl began to inquire into the nature of the Concord entertainment.

“And so you are taking lessons in philosophy? How do you like it?”

“O! it’s perfectly lovely. It’s about science, you know, and we all just dote on science.”

“It must be nice. What is it about?”

“It’s about molecules as much as anything else, and molecules are just too awfully nice for anything. If there’s anything I really enjoy it’s molecules.”

"Tell me about them, dear. What are molecules?"

"O! molecules! They are little wee things, and it takes ever so many of them. They are splendid things. Do you know, there ain't anything but what's got molecules in it. And Mr. Cook is just as sweet as he can be, and Mr. Emerson, too. They can explain everything so beautifully."

"How I'd like to go there!" said the Brooklyn girl, enviously.

"You'd enjoy it ever so much. They teach protoplasm. I really don't know which I like best, protoplasm or molecules."

"Tell me about protoplasm. I know I should adore it."

"Deed you would. It's just too sweet to live. You know it's about how things get started, or something of that kind. You ought to hear Mr. Emerson tell about it. It would stir your very soul. The first time he explained about protoplasm there wasn't a dry eye in the house. We named our hats after him. This is an Emerson hat. You see the ribbon is drawn over the crown and caught with a buckle and a bunch of flowers. Then you turn up the side with a spray of forget-me-nots. Ain't it just too sweet? All the girls in the school have them."

"How exquisitely lovely! Tell me some more science."

"O! I almost forgot about differentiation. I am really and truly positively in love with differentiation. It's different from molecules and protoplasm, but it's every bit as nice. And Mr. Cook! You should hear him go on about it! I really believe he's perfectly bound up in it. This scarf is the Cook scarf. All the girls wear them, and we named them after him on account of the interest he takes in differentiation."

"What is it, anyway?"

"This is mull trimmed with Languedoc lace——"

"I don't mean that—that other?"

"O! differentiation! Ain't it sweet? It's got something to do with species. It's the way you tell one hat from another, so you'll know which is becoming. And we learn all about ascidians, too. They are the divinest things! I'm absolutely enraptured with ascidians. If I only had an ascidian of my own! I wouldn't ask anything else in the world."

"What do they look like, dear? Did you ever see one?" asked the Brooklyn girl, deeply interested.

"O, no! nobody ever saw one except Mr. Cook and Mr. Emerson, but they are something like an oyster, with a reticule hung on its belt. I think they are just heavenly."

"Do you learn anything else besides?"

"O yes; rhetoric and those common things like metaphysics, but the girls don't care anything about those. We are just in ecstasies over differentiation and molecules, and Mr. Cook and protoplasm, and ascidians and Mr. Emerson, and I really don't

see why they put in those vulgar branches. If anybody beside Mr. Cook or Mr. Emerson had done it, we should have told him to his face that he was too terribly, awfully mean."

And the Brooklyn girl went to bed that night in the dumps, because fortune had not vouchsafed her the advantages enjoyed by her friend.

DRUNK IN THE STREET.

"Drunk, your worship," the officer said,
"Drunk in the street, sir!" She raised her head—
A lingering trace of the golden grace
Still softened the lines of her woe-worn face.
Unkempt and tangled her rich brown hair,
Yet with all the furrows and stains of care—
The years of anguish and sin and despair—
The child of the city was passing fair.

The ripe red mouth, with lips compressed—
The rise and fall of the heaving breast—
The nervous fingers so taper and small,
Crumpled the fringe of the tattered shawl
As she stood in her place at the officer's call,
She seemed good and fair, she seemed tender and
sweet,

This fallen woman found drunk in the street.

Does the hand that once smoothed the ripple and
wave

Of that tangled hair lie still in the grave?
Is that mother who pressed those red lips to her own,
Deaf to the pain of their smothered moan?
Has the voice that chimed to the lisping prayer
No accent of hope for the lost one there,
Bearing her burden of sin and despair?

Drunk in the street!—in the gutter found—
From a passionate longing to crush and drown
The soul of the woman she might have been—
To fling off the weight of a fearful dream,
And awake again in the homestead hard by,
And wooded mountain that touched the sky;
To linger awhile on the path to school
And catch in the depth of the limpid pool,
Under the willow shade, green and cool,
A dimpled face and a laughing eye,
And the pleasant words of a passer-by.

Ye men, with sisters and mothers and wives,
Have you no care for these women's lives?
Must they starve for the comfort they never speak?
Must they ever be erring and sinful and weak—
Staggering onward with weary feet,
Stained in the gutters and drunk in the street?
—*Good Templar.*

THE OLD MUSKET.

(A soliloquy.)

The curtain is raised, revealing a musket, with fixed bayonet, leaning against the back of the stage. The speaker enters, takes the musket, and addresses it as follows:

Ah, an old musket! A veteran of '61, whose battered stock shows it has been no holiday warrior. It is a relic of those days of sorrow, when men went forth at their country's call, when brother met brother in deadly conflict, and when the crash of arms came rolling upon the breeze.

What memories cluster about thee, old weapon; what visions of the past are brought to mind as I look upon the familiar form. I see the long, blue lines as they stand in battle array, o'ertopped by the starry banner. I see the glitter and flash of the bright bayonet. I see the pomp and parade. I hear the stirring bugle notes, the rolling drums, the sharp command, the wild battle cry, and the terrible shock.

But, ah! I see other sights that all the pomp and glitter cannot hide. The gory heaps of dead. The torn and mangled human forms, and the long lines of dripping ambulances. I hear the groans of the shattered victims, and from far-off Northern and Southern homes I hear the wails of the stricken, whose dear ones have gone down in the carnage of battle.

But tell me, old musket, what part did *you* take in the strife? Did you help swell the roar of battle at Stone River? Were you in the long lines of burnished arms that poured out their withering fire at Shiloh? Were you carried up the rough slope of Missionary Ridge? Did this now silent barrel grow hot in the carnage of Gettysburg? When the awful tide rolled through the dense thicket of the Wilderness, were you there? Has this cruel point ever been wet with the blood of an enemy? How often has the finger been pressed upon this little bit of steel, and sped the bullet that has sent a brave man down and carried desolation to a distant home?

Thou can'st not reply, old veteran. Thou hast but one voice, and that has long been silent. When the shattered and war-worn ranks of Lee stacked thy kindred at Appamattox, and upon

them laid their torn and faded colors, thy mission was ended, thy dreary work was done, for the angel of peace had arisen and spread her white wings over the land. The battle cloud was lifted, the blue and the gray vanished, and the echo of the last cannon shot had scarcely died away, before we heard their returning footsteps.

Alas! how many who went forth in all the pride of strength and hope *never* came back. In the shallow trenches of many a bloody field their bones lie mingling together. By the lonely roadside, down in the dark swamp, up on the hillside, and far up toward the mountain top their graves are scattered, and their place by the household fire is vacant.

Long, long may the white wings of peace be spread. Far distant be the day when the iron heel of war shall crush our happy homes. May this broad domain never again be rent by fraternal strife and such accursed instruments as these be lifted by brother against brother. Just Heaven hasten the day when in the fullness of civilization the nations shall forget the arts of war, and such barbarous things as *these* (the musket) be beaten into plowshares, and *these* (here unfix the bayonet and hold it up with the right hand) be forged into pruning hooks.

—*Jas. H. Sawyer.*

THE DEAD SOLDIER-BOY.

The cold, gray moon of a winter's sky

Gleamed down from an old-time German town,

And the low night breezes whispered by,

As the stage-coach paused by the "Kaiser's Crown,"*

For I was a wanderer far from home:

And the eve of the Christmas-tide had come.

But I paused as the old coach rolled away,

For there by the door I had seen a form—

An old dame bent, with her long locks gray;

An old dame bent as by many a storm!

And as she swayed her to and fro,

She bent her head, and she murmured low:

"Ah! the night is cold, and the searching winds

Blow over the hills and upon the plains;

But no light gleams from the bannered blinds,

And the dark night wanes! it wanes! it wanes!"

And then as she sadly shook her head,

I drew to her side, and softly said:

* A hotel on the Rhine.

"Ay! ay! good dame, the night *is* cold;
But what doth burden you on this eve?"
"Ha! stranger, and would you have it told?"
"Ay, friend, to me your sorrows unweave."
And then as the winds moaned o'er the wold,
I list to the tale that the old dame told.

"In the fair Rhine land, where the red rose blooms,
And the violet scents the breeze,
Where the dark fir's bending, swaying plumes
Rise o'er the nodding trees,
A cottage clad in the gray woodbine,
In jasmine buds and the arbuté vine,
Gleamed bright in the Rhine land's summer shine.

"The blue Rhine's waters fled swift along,
A glittering, sheeny thread,
And rippled aloud a woodland song,
Over their pebbly bed,
And the cottage was nestled by its side,
Where the fallow deer and the hare could hide,
By the blue Rhine's sheeny, lapping tide.

"The rumble of war swelled over the land,
The roll of the stirring drum,
And the shrill fife pealed from cliff to strand,
And died in a solemn hum!
The din of the battle-jar in the air,
And the torch of Mars, with its crimson flare,
Were heard and seen in the cottage there.

"A stripling boy, his mother's lone pride,
Hearkened to the war-notes' jar;
And he belted a saber by his side,
Steel stained in an ancient war.
He heard the thrilling battle-call,
He *felt* the shrouding, funeral pall,
And he strode away from his home—from all!

"On Gravelotte's hill at sunset's glow,
Where the war-shouts rang so loud,
Breasting the battle-tide's sanguine flow,
His youthful form was bowed!
And far from home, from the blue Rhine's prattle,
From his vine-clad cot there 'mid the rattle
Of guns, he died on the field of battle!

"And the sonless mother in the fair Rhine land,
Weeps silent day by day,

Where the blue stream with its silvery sand
Glints by the cottage way.

Ah! that mother doth wait, and pray for the hour,
In her cot at the foot of the moss-grown tower,
To meet with her boy in the Alden bower!

"Then stranger, pause, should you see that mound,
Sc grim in the fir tree's shade,
For your feet would tread upon sacred ground
There in that Gallic glade,
For there, far from the blue Rhine's prattle,
Where once rang loud the rifle's rattle,
My darling lies dead on the field of battle."

* * * * *

Yes, this was the tale the old dame told

To me that night in the quaint old town—
There 'mid the blasts and the winter's cold,

There 'mid the gray moon's gibbous frown—
But she reeled away. And with heart bowed down,
At last I entered the "Kaiser's Crown."

—*Wm. Mason Turner, M. D.*

THE NEGLECTED PATTERN.

A weaver sat one day at his loom,
Among the colors bright,
With the pattern for his copying
Hung fair and plain in sight.

But the weaver's thoughts were wandering
Away on a distant track,
As he threw the shuttle in his hand
Wearily forward and back.

And he turned his dim eyes to the ground,
And his tears fell on the woof,
For his thoughts, alas! were not with his home,
Nor the wife beneath its roof.

When her voice recalled him suddenly
To himself, as she sadly said:
"Ah! woe is me! for your work is spoiled,
And what will we do for bread?"

And then the weaver looked and saw
His work must be undone;
For the threads were wrong, and the colors dimmed
Where the bitter tears had run.

"Alack, alack!" said the weaver,
"And this had all been right
If I had not looked at my work, but kept
The pattern in my sight!"

Ah! sad it was for the weaver,
And sad for his luckless wife;
And sad it will be for us if we say,
At the end of our task in life,
The colors that we had to weave
Were bright in our early years;
But we wove the tissue wrong, and stained
The woof with bitter tears.

We wove a web of doubt and fear—
Not faith, and hope and love,
Because we looked at our work, and not
At our Pattern up above.

—*Phæbe Cary.*

UNDER THE SNOW.

It was Christmas Eve in the year fourteen,
And as ancient dalesmen used to tell,
The wildest winter they had ever seen,
With the snow lying deep on moor and fell.

When Wagoner John got out his team
Smiler and Whitefoot, Duke and Gray,
With the light in his eyes of a young man's dream,
As he thought of his wedding on New Year's Day.

To Ruth, the maid with the bonnie brown hair,
And eyes of the deepest, sunniest blue,
Modest and winsome and wondrous fair,
And true to her troth, for her heart was true.

"Thou's surely not going," shouted mine host.
"Thou'll be lost in the drift as sure as thou's born.
Thy lass winnot want to wed wi' a ghost,
And that's what thou'll be on Christmas morn.

"It's eleven long miles fra Skipton toon,
To Blueberg hooses and Washburn dale,
Thou had better turn back and sit thee doon,
And comfort thy heart wi' a drop o' good ale."

Turn the swallows flying south,
Turn the vines against the sun,

Herds from rivers in the drouth,
Men must dare or nothing's done.

So what cares the lover for storm or drift,
Or peril of death on the haggard way?
He sings to himself like a lark in the lift,
And the joy in his heart turns December to May.

But the wind from the north brings a deadly chill,
Creeping into his heart, and the drifts are deep,
Where the thick of the storm strikes Blueberg hill,
He is weary and falls on a pleasant sleep.

And dreams he is walking by Washburn side,
Walking with Ruth on a summer's day,
Singing that song to his bonnie bride,
His own life forever and aye.

Now read me this riddle, how Ruth should hear
That song of a heart in the clutch of doom,
It stole on her ear, distant and clear,
As if her lover was in the room.

And read me this riddle, how Ruth should know,
As she bounds to throw open the heavy door,
That her lover is lost in the drifting snow,
Dying or dead on the great wild moor.

"Help! help!" "Lost! lost!"
Rings through the night as she rushes away,
Stumbling, blinded, and tempest-tossed,
Straight to the drift where her lover lay.

And swift they leap after her into the night,
Into the drifts by Blueberg hill.
Pullan, Ward, Robinson, each with his light,
To find her there, holding him, white and still.

"He was dead in the drift, then,"
I hear them say,
As I listen and wonder,
Forgetting to play,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

"Nay, nay, they were wed," the dalesman cried,
"By Parson Carmalt on New Year's Day,
Bonnie Ruth were me great-great-grandsire's bride,
And Maister Frankland gave her away."

"But how did she find him under the snow?"
They cried with a laughter, touched with tears,

"Nay, lads," he said, softly, "we can never know,
No, not if we live a hundred years."

There's a sight o' things gan
To the making o' man,
Then I rushed to my play
With a whoop and away,
Fifty years syne come Christmas Day.

—*Robert Collyer.*

A DESERTER.

"Deserter!" Well, Captain, the word's about right,
And its uncommon queer I should run from a fight,
Or the chance of a fight; I, raised in a land
Where boys, you may say, are born rifle in hand,
And who've fought all my life for the right of my ranch,
With the wily Apache and the cruel Comanche.

But it's true, and I'll own it, I did run away.
"Drunk?" No, sir! I'd not tasted a drop all day;
But—smile if you will—I'd a dream in the night,
And I woke in a fever of sorrow and fright
And went for my horse; 'twas up and away:
And I rode like the wind like the break of the day.

"What was it I dreamt?" I dreamed of my wife—
The true little woman that's better than life—
I dreamt of my boys—I have three—one is ten,
The youngest is four—all brave little men—
Of my one baby girl, my pretty white dove,
The star of my home, the rose of its love.

I saw the log house on the clear San Antoine.
And I knew that around it the grass had been mown,
For I felt, in my dream, the sweet breath of the hay—
I was there, for I lifted a jessamine spray;
And the dog that I loved heard my whispered command,
And whimpered and put his big head in my hand.

The place was so still; all the boys were at rest;
And the mother lay dreaming, the babe at her breast.
I saw the fair scene for a moment; then stood
In a circle of flame, amid shrieking and blood.
The Comanche had the place—Captain spare me the rest;
You know what that means, for you come from the West.

I woke with a shout, and I had but one aim—
To save or revenge them—my head was aflame,
And my heart had stood still; I was mad I dare say,
For my horse fell dead at the dawn of the day;
Then I knew what I'd done, and with heart-broken breath,
When the boys found me out I was praying for death.

“A pardon!” No, Captain, I did run away,
And the wrong to the flag it is right I should pay
With my life. It's not hard to be brave
When one's children and wife have gone over the grave.
Boys, take a good aim! When I turn to the west
Put a ball through my heart; its kindest and best.

* * * * *

He lifted his hat to the flag—bent his head
And the prayer of his childhood solemnly said—
Shouted: “Comrades, adieu!”—spread his arms to the west—
And a rifle ball instantly granted his rest.
But o'er that sad grave by the Mexican sea,
Wives and mothers have planted a blossoming tree,
And maidens bring roses and tenderly say:
“It was love—sweetest love—led the soldier away.”

—*Mary A. Barr.*

THE MARRIAGE OF SANTA CLAUS.

Once Santa Claus sobered and said with a sigh,
While a tear added lustre to each twinkling eye,
"Oh! I'm getting so lonely and weary of life,
I need a companion, or, better, a wife;
But where could I find one to share my joy,
And love, as I love, every girl and each boy?"
He thought and he pondered, this jolly recluse,
Then he shouted, "I have it; 'tis Old Mother Goose."
He was off in a jiffy, he whistled, his sled
O'er the snow like the flight of a sky-rocket sped,
And his reindeer snorted, with heads high and haughty,
And trotted along at the rate of two-forty.
So he found the old lady, of course, very soon—
She had just returned from a trip to the moon,
And was fixing her cap, slightly mussed by the ride,
While the cobwebs were thick in the broom by her side.
She was old, she was weasened, she had a great nose,
Yet her eyes were as bright as the plumage of crows,
And her voice, tho' 'twas cracked, had a ring very sweet,
And her dress, tho' 'twas queer, was most awfully neat.
And Santa Claus blushed as he said, "How d'ye do?"
The dame courtesied low, and replied, "Sir, to you."
"Will you have me?" he prays; "my darling, confess."
She hesitates, murmurs, and then whispers, "Yes.
But my children!" she cries, with the usual pause.
"Why, children, I love 'em," said bluff Santa Claus.
"Bring 'em out—where are they? I want 'em!" cries he.
So forth troop they all in a great company.

First comes a fair maiden, and know her we should
By the wolf and her granny—'tis Red Riding-Hood;
While after them, fearfully blowing his horn,
Is Little Boy Blue on his way from the corn;
And the notes of the music he sweetly doth play
Brings the piper's son Tom from the hills far away.
And then, with a jump and a roll down the hill
With pails and with water, bounce poor Jack and Jill.
Their crowns were both broken, and help they implore
From Old Mother Hubbard and Margery Daw,
As well as a nameless man, tattered and torn,
Who is kissing and kissing a maiden forlorn.
And forth from her garden, in a way quite contrary,
With fruits and with flowers, comes sweet Mistress Mary;
Then Simon the simple returns from the fair
With the pie-man, most cautious in selling his ware;
While, dragging their tails behind, flock in the sheep
Of the wandering shepherdess Little Bo Peep.

A very old woman lugs up a great shoe,
And out jump her children, a boisterous crew;
Some sing and some dance, and some of them play
"The Mulberry Bush," and "Rain, rain go away."
But one little boy slinks off in the corner
And munches a pie—'tis greedy Jack Horner;
While poor Tommy Tucker expects some in vain,
And bewails his fate with Tom Grace, who's in pain.
But music has charms, and they list to the song
Of that jolly musician, the young Richard Long.
Then Old King Cole and his fiddlers three
Bring up the rear of this vast company.
"They are just what I want," shouts old Santa Claus:
Mother Goose and her children sing out their applause.
"Now all jump aboard—our new home we'll explore;

On my sled there has ever been 'room for one more.'"
With shouts and with laughter they tumbled within,
And wrapped buffalo robes close beneath every chin;
The reindeer they galloped, the moon shone out bright
As they hurried along in its soft silver light;
And the fat, jolly driver chuckled often in glee
At the sight of his wife and his vast family.
And the songs of the children rang out in the air
As they journeyed along, disregarding all care,
Till they reached the great palace and thro' it to roam,
And forever be happy within their new home.

HOW THE GATES CAME AJAR.

'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven
How the little child-angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day.
How she said to the stately warden—
He of the key and bar—
"O angel, sweet angel! I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar—
Only a little, won't you
Set the beautiful gates ajar!

"I can hear my mother weeping;
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
When the gates shut after me.
Oh! turn me the key, sweet angel,

The splendor will shine so far!"
But the warden answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low and answered: "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary the Blessed,
Sweet Mary, Mother of Christ;
Her hand on the hand of the Angel
She laid, and the touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar;
And lo! in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar!

"And the key for no further using,
To my blessed son shall be given,"
Said Mary, Mother of Jesus—
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now, never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom
Are the *keys* of the *gates ajar*;
Close hid in the dear Christ's bosom,
And the gates *forever* ajar!

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it!
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaieth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted!
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem, in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure;

It may be the love of a little child,
 Or a mother's prayers to Heaven;
 Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
 For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life,
 A bright and golden filling,
 And to do God's will with a ready heart
 And hands that are swift and willing,
 Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
 Of our curious lives asunder,
 And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
 And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

M. A. KIDDER.

"COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

Little Four Year's, little Two Year's,
 Merry Christmas! Happy New Year's!
 That is what I wish for you;
 Shall I tell you what to do
 That will make my wish come true?

Cheerful looks and words are very
 Sure to make the Christmas merry;
 Tongues that speak the truth sincere,
 Hearts that hold each other dear,
 These will make a happy year.

Four years is of Two the double,
 Should be twice as brave in trouble,
 Twice as gentle, twice as kind,
 Always twice as much inclined
 Mother's words to keep in mind.

So that Two Years, when she's older,
 May remember what is told her,
 Just as Four Years did before.
 Only think! in two years more
 Little Two Years will be Four.

ROSSITEL W. RAYMOND.

CHRISTMAS ANGELS.

Two ragged little beggar girls stood shivering in the rain,
 Their thin pale faces gleaming 'neath thick locks of wavy
 hair;
 Such pitiful small faces, full of suffering and of pain—
 The pain that makes the heart to ache—meeting it anywhere.

"Oh! Susy," said the younger girl, grasping her ragged shawl.

"Just look a moment in this window at the Christmas things, Oh, how I wish dear Santa Claus would bring me just one doll; But oh, he don't stop in our street, no gifts to us he brings."

"He always used to come to us," the older girl replied,

"When we lived in our own dear home, and had nice clothes to wear;

We always hung our stockings up—before dear papa died."

"Oh! Susy! that's why he don't come—because our feet are bare.

Oh! dear, if I could only see him, I'd say 'please, sir, leave Whatever you can spare for us, just down upon the floor.'

Oh! Susy, won't he ever come again on Christmas Eve,

Because we have no stockings now, to hang up any more?

I only know he does not come, but why, I cannot tell."

"Oh, May, if he just knew how sick mamma was, then I know

He'd surely come, with—everything to make her strong and well.

Oh! if he only, only would—come, May, we'd better go."

Amid that ever changeful throng, an angel stood unseen,

Who bending o'er them heard the story of the little girls.

An angel clothed in silks and furs of noble graceful mien,

Whose sweet blue eyes and bonnie face were crowned with golden curls,

And then for her, unconsciously, the way the children led,

For her the angel God had sent to their own wretched home; Not till she with them weeping stood beside their mother's bed

Did they know when they entered in, an angel too had come; But oh! when food and clothes were sent, and all things needful given;

When health returned, and willing hands had found their work to do;

Then angels heard the songs of joy, their thanks to God in heaven,

That He had sent this gentle one, one of His chosen few.

Oh, women of America—our land so broad, so fair,

Of you, the jewels of His crown, shall ever be it said

That while the merry Christmas bells were ringing in the air,

You suffered little ones to die—yes, *die for want of bread*;

That you, whose homes are full of joy, of luxury, and ease,

Do nothing for the wretched ones—those steeped in life's distress;

That every feeling, thought, and wish are only used to please

Those whom you love, thus brimming full your cup of happiness?

When God fills your weak hand with wealth, does He not give to you

This gift to do angelic work, that you with firm, wise hand

May clothe the naked, feed the poor—aye, just as you would do

If He, the Father of us all, at your door thus should stand?

No angel sings in all God's heaven, in spotless white arrayed,
But those whose angel life began upon this very earth—
In whose great loom they wove each thread of which their
robes are made—

The shining robes they wear to-day to celebrate Christ's birth.
Forever where the poor shall be, may angels too, be found,

Who bear to them God's bounteous gifts in these clear Christ-
mas times.

And while they weave a golden thread may their hearts hear
the sound,

"Ye did it to my little ones," ring with their Christmas
chimes.

Mrs. Charles F. Fernald.

SANTA CLAUS.

Oh, Santa Claus, the dear old man,
With cheeks and eyes aglow,
Puts dollies in his Christmas bag
For all the girls, you know.

And then he runs and gets the horns,
The horns and drums and sticks,
Skates and balls and guns, for boys,
All tumbled in a mix.

Then last he puts some candy in,
Nuts, raisins, figs, and dates,
Then ties a string about his bag,
And hurries to his gates.

There stand his sleigh and reindeer four
All prancing up and down,
In such a hurry to be gone
'Way off to Children's town.

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

When the Declaration of Independence was adopted by Congress, the event was announced by ringing the old State-House bell, which bore the inscription "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the inhabitants thereof!" The old bellman stationed his little grandson at the door of the hall, to await the instructions of the door-keeper when to ring. At the word, the young patriot rushed out, and clapping his hands, shouted;—"Ring! RING! RING!"

There was a tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town

And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle, then!"
When a nation's life's at hazard,
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House,
While all solemnly inside
Sat the "Continental Congress,"
Truth and reason for their guide.
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet should shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray,
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news, to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
 Whilst the boy cries joyously;
 "Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
 Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"
 Quickly, at the given signal
 The old bellman lifts his hand,
 Forth he sends the good news, making
 Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled
 The calmly gliding Delaware!
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose,
 And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
 Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
 Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
 But the spirit is awaken'd
 Still is living—ever young;
 And when we greet the smiling sunlight
 On the fourth of each July,
 We will ne'er forget the bellman
 Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
 Rung out, loudly, "Independence;"
 Which, please God, shall never die!

CHRISTMAS EVE.

Miss H. A. Foster.

Three little stockings—two blue, and one red,
 Hung up 'neath the mantle so neatly;
 Two little boys rest in their low trundle-bed,
 In her cradle the baby sleeps sweetly.

With foot on the rocker, and love in her eye,
 A mother is quietly sitting;
 She chants to slow measure an old lullaby—
 Her hands the while busily knitting.

She stops now and then to replace, with a kiss,
 Two dimpled arms under the cover;
 She knows that, commissioned from regions of bliss,
 'Round her baby the bright angels hover.

But the moments glide on; her singing is o'er;
 With hands on her lap idly sinking,
 And knitting-work fallen quite onto the floor,
 She is thinking—so busily thinking.

Thought wings her way to the sunshiny past,
 Where sweetest of mem'ries are hidden;
 But round the low cot sweeps the wild wintry blast—
 Sweeps away her fond visions, unbidden.

She looks round her room with dissatisfied gaze—
 That humble room furnished so plainly;
 "Alas for the hopes of my long ago days!
 Why, still, do I cherish you vainly?"

"And this for our home: poor, wretched at best;
 Though John calls it tidy and cosy;
 A home for our children—had fortune but blessed
 Their infancy sparkling and rosy.

"My husband could banish the care which annoys;
 I would dress in rich satins and laces;
 We could look with such pride on our bright noble boys
 And our daughter's rare beauty and graces.

"Instead of these three little stockings I see,
 Each waiting its poor, penny treasure,
 We could plant in our parlor a vast Christmas tree,
 Which should bear costly fruits without measure."

* * * * *

'Tis gone; the feverish longing is past—
 Years of toil, hope, and love true and tender;
 Exchanged is the low, humble cottage at last
 For a long envied dwelling of splendor.

Those years fill his coffers, but stay not their flight,
 For John and his wife have grown older;
 Her eye has lost much of its olden love-light—
 His heart has become harder and colder.

* * * * *

Christmas Eve. In the splendor of parlor and hall
 The mother sits, wearied and weeping;
 Through thin, jewelled fingers, her burning tears fall,
 While her late lonely vigil she's keeping.

She looks on the brilliant luxuriance there,
 Fruition of Hope's early dreaming,
 The Christmas tree laden with fruitage so rare,
 Rich and ripe, 'midst its foilage gleaming.

But the hands which should gather—where are they to-night?

Ah, gold! the false hearted, alluring,—
On the name of the daughter has fallen a blight,
Than beauty and grace more enduring.

There are tears for the fair one whose coming no more
That desolate bosom will gladden;
There's an ache in her heart which wealth covers o'er,
Which poverty could not so sadden.

There are tears for the wayward—the boys are so changed—
Money opens the door to temptation,—
From mother and home, by the wine-cup estranged,
They wander in wild dissipation.

Hark! is it the night-wind in fury unbound
Through leafless trees shrieking and sighing?
She listens—her quick ear interprets the sound—
Down, wild, through the passage she's flying.

Her white hands unlock and throw open the door,
A terrible vision revealing!
Robbed—murdered—her husband lies covered with gore—
His heart's blood still flowing, congealing.

With a shriek of deep anguish and utter despair,
She falls. * * * "Why my dear, what's the matter?
Dreaming, wer'n't you? The children sleep well, I declare,
Amid such commotion and clatter.

"Here tuck in their stockings these candies and toys—
Only trifles—but true love goes with them!
God bless our sweet baby, and dear, darling boys
With health to enjoy what we give them!"

Mary smiles through her tears on that fond beaming face;
"Oh, John, we are blessed without measure!
Our own humble home is a dear happy place,
And love is its pure, priceless treasure!"

COLUMBIA.

Columbia, Columbia to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name;
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire.
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws;
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivalled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of Union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired,
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice as of angels, enchantingly sung:
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

A VALEDICTORY,

Delivered at the closing Exercises of an Academy.

WE'RE a band of loving school-mates, bound by friendship's golden chain,
Children of one common Father met in learnings sacred fane,
When the hill of Science rises far above the misty heights,
When the child of Superstition with the pen of error writes,
Ere the Autumn days departed, to our homes we bade adieu;
And the pearly tear-drops glistened, we were leaving all we knew;

Strangers met us, we were lonely, but anon the tones of love,
Fell upon our saddened spirits, like the sunlight from above,
And affections minstrels chanted in a joyous, happy strain,
Love ye, love ye one another, you may never meet again.
So we leagued ourselves together, and the path of learning trod,
Taught by all to look through Nature, humbly up to Nature's God;

In the buds we see his promise of a gay and beauteous Spring,
When the robin and the black bird on the leafy boughs shall sing;

In the crystal fringes hanging on the willow's graceful boughs,
We have traced the Holy Record of the Omnipresent's vows;
In the robe of virgin-whiteness that bedecked our mother-earth
We have read a sacred volume telling of a heavenly birth;
In the wind's tempestuous roaring we have felt a Father near,
Bidding us in soothing accents trust in Him, and have no fear;
From the star-bespangled azure angels whisper "God is love;"
See ye not yon orb of splendor pointing to his throne above?
Much we've learned of truth and beauty in the branches we were taught,—

Knowledge years of toil have gathered, from the mystic realms of thought;

And while memory near us lingers, we can ne'er these truths forget,

While we see the lamps of Heaven, as they seem to rise and set,—

Europe's great Copernicus shall remembered be by all,
And we'll never forget Newton while we see an apple fall;
Gravitation is the echo Nature sends from around,
'Tis the great mysterious agent by which world to world is bound:

We will think of Kepler too as we see the seasons roll,
And the name of Galileo find inscribed upon the scroll,
With the wondrous telescope, like some great mysterious key,
To unlock the boundless wonders of a planetary sea,
In a score of years to come when we Venus' transit view,
We will think with admiration of the pious Herschell too;

When we read of England's paupers in the damp, unhealthy
 mine,
 Humphrey Davy's zeal untiring shall be traced on every line;
 When we see the lightning playing harmless round the pointed
 rod,
 We will think of Franklin's genius and the rugged paths he
 trod;
 And the worthy Fulton, too, on the annals of our fame,
 With that mighty engine, steam hath inscribed a deathless name;
 Morse, with modern telegraph, owes the impress of his seal
 To the shepherd of Mount Ida with the magnet at his heel;
 Yet another claims our notice, 'tis *Columbus*, bold and brave,
 With his crew of ninety men on the stormy ocean wave, —
 Weeks and months, ere land appeared to pay him for his toil —
 And we'll think what joy was his when he trod upon our soil.
 But the warning voice of Time bids us dwell on other themes;
 Even now the light of gladness through the misty twilight teems.
 We will soon be with our kindred, fill again the vacant chair,
 'Twill rejoice our anxious parents when they see us seated there,
 But with all this promised pleasure, shades of sadness hover
 o'er, —
 We are leaving many lov'd ones we may meet on earth no
 more;
 Yet the impress of their virtues on our hearts shall long re-
 main
 Fresh and fragrant, as the flowers after summer's gentle rain,
 But the farewell must be spoken, — yet one prayer before we
 part,
 May the fire of truth and justice light the hearth-stone of each
 heart,
 That we may, when death is placing his cold seal upon our brow,
 Feel life's errand has been done, and in resignation bow!
 Now, farewell, beloved Teacher! may the seed your hands have
 sown
 Yield a rich, abundant harvest you might well be proud to own!
 We will treasure up your precepts, they may be, in future years,
 Balm to soothe our saddened spirits, strength to banish doubts
 and fears.
 Fare you well! we may not linger, — in that far off Spirit land,
 May we mingle with the ransomed — with that bright angelic
 band!

THE CONFESSION.

There's somewhat on my breast, father,
 There's somewhat on my breast!
 The live-long day I sigh, father,
 At night I cannot rest;

I cannot take my rest, father,
 Though I would fain to do,
 A weary weight oppresses me,—
 The weary weight of woe!

'Tis not the lack of gold, father.
 Nor lack of wordly gear;
 My lands are broad and fair to see,
 My friends are kind and dear;
 My kin are leal and true; father,
 They mourn to see my grief,
 But, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand
 Can give my heart relief!

'Tis not that Janet's false, father,
 'Tis not that she's unkind;
 Though busy flatterers swarm around,
 I know her constant mind.
 'Tis not the coldness of her heart
 That chills my laboring breast,—
It's that confounded cucumber
I ate, and can't digest!

THE NIGHT AFTER CHRISTMAS

'Twas the night after Christmas, when all thro' the house
 Every soul was abed, and still as a mouse.
 Those stockings so lately St. Nicholas' care
 Were emptied of all that was eatable there.
 The darlings had duly been tucked in their beds,
 With very full stomachs and pains in their heads.
 I was dozing away in my new cotton cap,
 And Nancy was rather far gone in a nap,
 When out in the nursery rose such a clatter,
 I sprang from my sleep, crying, "What is the matter?"
 I flew to each bedside, still half in a doze,
 Tore open the curtains and threw off the clothes;
 While the light of the taper served clearly to show
 The piteous plight of those objects below.
 For, what to the fond father's eye should appear
 But the pale little face of each sick little dear;
 For each pet that had crammed itself full as a tick,
 I knew in a moment, now felt like old Nick!
 Their pulsés were rapid, their breathings the same;
 What their stomachs rejected I'll mention by name—
 Now turkey, now stuffing, plum pudding, of course,
 And custards, and crullers, and cranberry sauce;
 Before outraged Nature all went to the wall,
 Yes—lolle pops, flapdoodle, dinner and all.

Like pellets, which urchins from pop-guns let fly,
Went figs, nuts and raisins, jam, jelly and pie.
Till each error of diet was brought to my view,
To the shame of mamma and of Santa Claus, too.
I turned from the sight, to my bedroom stept back,
And brought out a vial marked *Pulv. Epecac*.
When my Nancy exclaimed, for their sufferings shocked her,
“Don’t you think you had better, love, run for the Doctor?”
I ran—and was scarcely back under my roof,
When I heard the sharp clatter of old Jalap’s hoof.
I might say that I hardly had turned myself round,
When the doctor came into the room with a bound.
He was covered with mud from his head to his foot,
And the suit he had on was his very worst suit.
He had hardly had time to put that on his back,
And he looked like a Fallstaff half fuddled with sack.
His eyes, how they twinkled! Had the doctor got merry?
His cheeks looked like port and his breath smelt of sherry.
He hadn’t been shaved for a fortnight or so,
And the beard on his chin wasn’t white as the snow.
But, inspecting their tongues, in spite of their teeth,
And drawing his watch from his waistcoat beneath,
He felt of each pulse, saying, “each little belly
Must get rid”—here he laughed—“of the rest of that jelly.”
I gazed on each plump, chubby, sick little elf,
And groaned, when he said so, in spite of myself.
But a wink of his eye, when he physicked our Fred,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He didn’t prescribe, but went straight to his work,
And dosed all the rest—gave his trousers a jerk,
And adding directions, while blowing his nose:
He buttoned his coat, from his chair he arose,
Then jumped in his gig, gave old Jalap a whistle,
And Jalap dashed off as if pricked by a thistle.
But the doctor exclaimed, ere he drove out of sight,
“They’ll be well by tomorrow—good night, Jones, good night!”

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

MY FRIENDS:—Thanksgiving Day comes, by statute, once a year; to the honest man it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow, which may mean every day, or once in seven days, at least. I know that occasionally, in meeting, perhaps, a person confesses that he is a poor, miserable sinner, but you tell that person the same fact, out of doors, and he will get mad and tear round dreadfully. We are all honest, good, conscientious people, my friends, no matter what any body says.

Now, I propose, my friends, to state a few of the things for us to be thankful for—when we are in the mood, of course; for when we are not inclined, who can make us give thanks for any thing? We should be thankful that we know more than any body else; for, are we not capable of talking and giving lectures upon every subject ever talked of? I should like to see the male or female in this audience, who didn't know a great deal more than any body has any idea of!

We should be thankful that we are all good looking. Ain't we? Just look around this audience, and see if you can't "spot" the person who is, in his own estimation, not good looking. It would be a curious study, to be sure, to find in what particular some people are good looking; but it's none of our personal business if a man has carrotty hair, eyes like a new moon, nose like a split pear, mouth like a pair of waffle-irons, chin like a Dutch churn, neck like a gander's, and a body like a crow-bar:—comparatively he is good looking; that is, there are homelier men and animals than he; so everybody is good looking and has a right to put on airs. Let us be very thankful, my friends, that this is so; for, otherwise, some of us would be shut up in "homes for the scare crows," which government would have to provide.

We should be thankful that we are more pious than any body else. That we are pious is evident from the manner in which we treat poor creatures who have most unfortunately been driven to sin; from the fact that we pay our preachers occasionally, and always require them to be unexceptionable, in all respects; from the fact that we don't work on Sunday, and eat the big dinners which it has made the women-folks almost tired to death to prepare. Who is the person in this room that is not pious? I do not care to know him for the present.

We should give thanks that our house is, in many respects, superior to our neighbors. True, it may not be as big, nor as fine looking, nor, indeed, as attractive generally; but it is superior, nevertheless, as we always inform any man who wants to purchase.—we should be very thankful that we can turn things so favorably for our own interests.

We should be thankful that our teachers, and our editors, and doctors, and lawyers, are such superior men, as we learn they are, when they come to die and have their epitaphs written.

We should be thankful, in fact, that this world was especially created for our own comfort, convenience, and use; that we have a perfect right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,—no matter if these do conflict with some other persons' wishes, and happiness, and rights.

I hope you will thank me for this recognition of your good qualities, your rights, your glory; and trust I shall be permitted to say of myself, when I retire,

"Here *lies* an honest young man."

LE GRAND.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

BY RUFUS CHOATE.

The birthday of the "Father of his Country!" May it ever be freshly remembered by American hearts! May it ever reawaken in them a filial veneration for his memory; ever rekindle the fires of patriotic regard for the country which he loved so well, to which he gave his youthful vigor and his youthful energy, during the perilous period of the early Indian warfare; to which he devoted his life in the maturity of his powers, in the field; to which again he offered the counsels of his wisdom and his experience, as president of the convention that framed our Constitution; which he guided and directed while in the chair of state, and for which the last prayer of his earthly supplication was offered up, when it came the moment for him so well, and so grandly, and so calmly, to die. He was the first man of the time in which he grew. His memory is first and most sacred in our love, and ever hereafter, till the last drop of blood shall freeze in the last American heart, his name shall be a spell of power and of might.

Yes, gentlemen, there is one personal, one vast felicity, which no man can share with him. It was the daily beauty, and towering and matchless glory of his life which enabled him to create his country, and at the same time, secure an undying love and regard from the whole American people. "The first in the hearts of his countrymen!" Yes, first! He has our first and most fervent love. Undoubtedly there were brave and wise and good men, before his day, in every colony. But the American nation, as a nation, I do not reckon to have begun before 1774. And the first love of that Young America was Washington. The first word she lisped was his name. Her earliest breath spoke it. It still is her proud ejaculation; and it will be the last gasp of her expiring life! Yes; others of our great men have been appreciated—many admired by all;—but him we love; him we all love. About and around him we call up no dissentient and discordant and dissatisfied elements—no sectional prejudice nor bias—no party, no creed, no dogma of politics. None of these shall assail him. Yes; when the storm of battle blows darkest and rages highest the memory of Washington shall nerve every American arm, and cheer every American heart. It shall relume that Promethean fire, that sublime flame of patriotism, that devoted love of country which his words have commended, which his example has consecrated:

"Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first, the last, the best,

The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was
but one."

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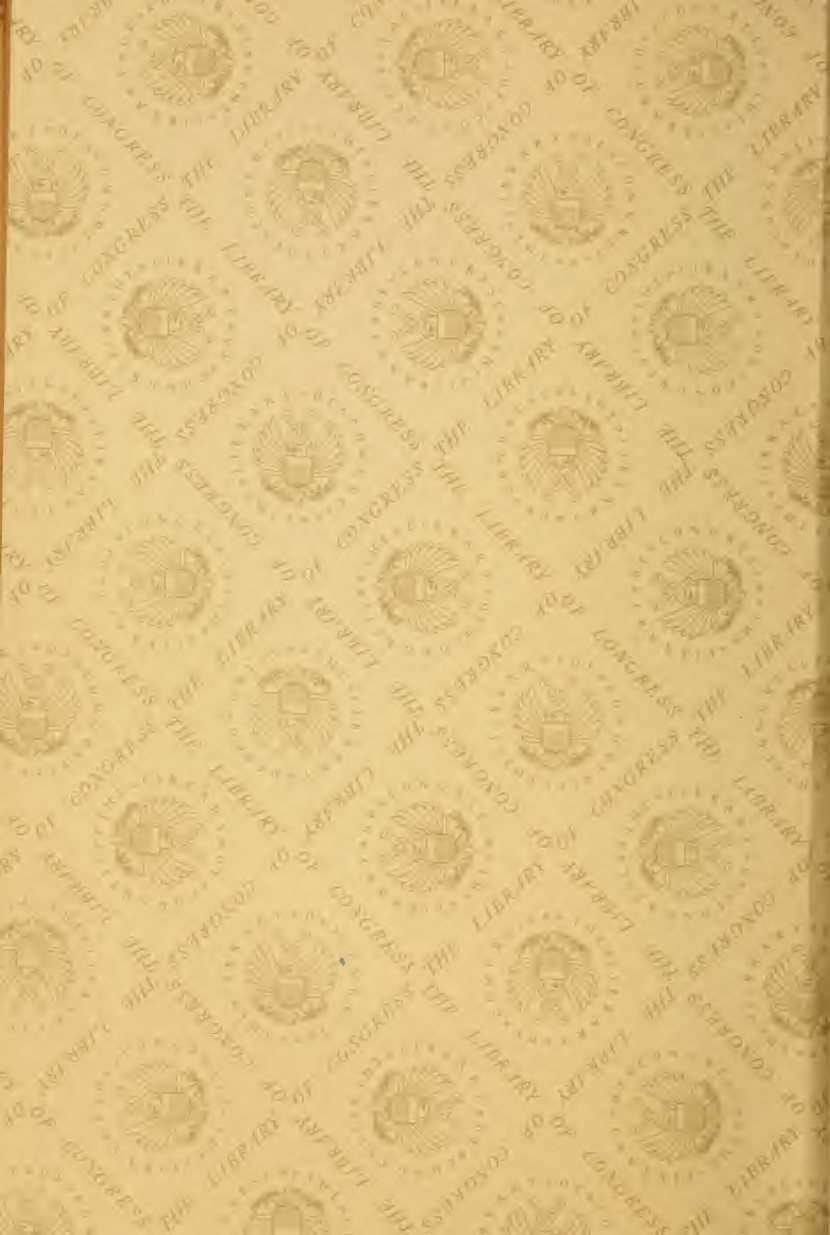
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